

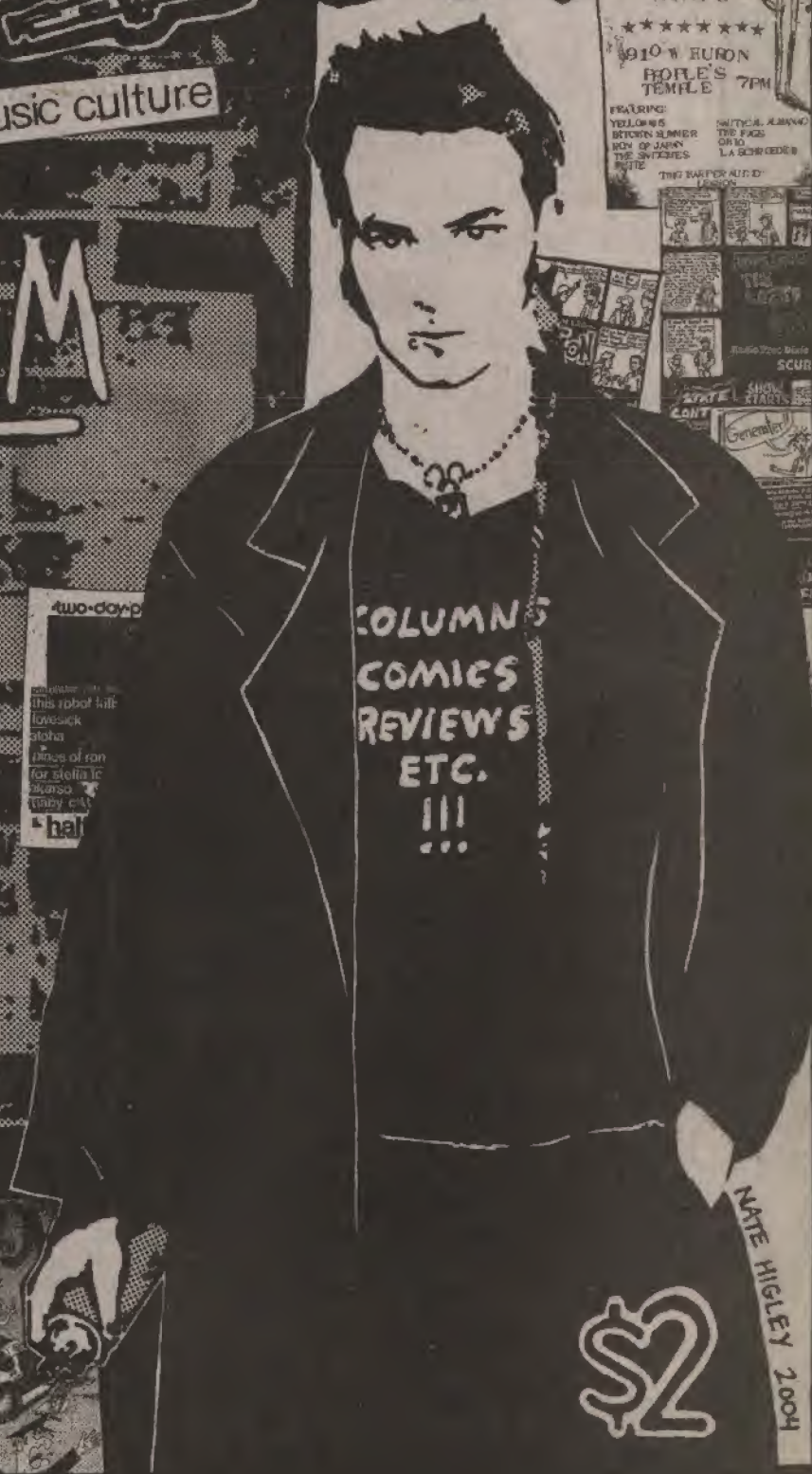
DeadTeas

second
issue

spring
2k4

notes from arbor-ypsi music culture

US | THEM



\$2

NATE HIGLEY 2004

•introduction•

Hey, We're back. Actually made it to the second issue which for some reason came together easier than the first. We allotted ourselves the same 3 hour block it took me and Amanda to layout the first issue, plus we forced two other people to help. We laid the pages across our living room, moved two things, then strangely found ourselves done. Confused we sat down, stared at the layout and chain smoked for the next two and a half hours. It seemed so complicated last time.

We recieved exactly one letter as response for the last issue. Nothing for the advice column, nothing to review, no band photos, no stencils, nada. We did have alot of people tell us they liked it, some friends gave us reviews, and a few people submitted articles + comics w/out being asked to. Very fuck'n rad, thank you. We're looking for submissions folks. And hopefully some band interviews. Also need some consistant photographers for band photos, and other people besides Ernie to send it old fliers/photos/zines for the History section. Get in touch if yer intrested.

We raised the cover price, because we just can't make the money from Ads to keep it lower. We sold out of issue 1 and still lost alot of money. If the Ads go up, the price goes down.

Problems at the collective resulted in some things being thrown together (most notably the reviews) we apologize. Also had some dead line problems. As one columnist said "You're going to put it out late anyway so why should I bother finishing my column on time." Well, the magazine comes out late cuz people turn in shit late. Get stuff in on time. That goes for ads, reviews, and every thing else. All + all I think this issue looks great. Can't wait for #3.

thanks for the support ♡/Ⓢ Josh Redd-Sanchez—

TO ALL OF THE PEOPLE WHO SAID THEY WOULD WRITE FOR THE MAGAZINE:

We would like a definitive answer as to whether or not you will write for us. If you know/are one of the following people please call us.

Mike D.
Dave Somers
Steve Bradley
Ernie Martello
Lizzie Ayer
Mark Mcfinn
Claudia Leo
Grace Thorson
Jenny (of rad art)
Tonya Alvarez
Kelly Williams

AD RATES & SIZES

1/6 PAGE (2 3/8" X 5") \$15
1/3 PAGE, Long (2 3/8" X 10") \$30
1/3 PAGE, square (5" X 4 7/8") \$35
1/2 PAGE (8 1/4" X 5 7/16") \$50
FULL PAGE (8 1/4" X 10 7/8") \$90

Submit ads on *disc* or as a *hard copy* (must be a good, clean copy & appropriate size). All ads are black & white.

Next issue July '04
Ads due June 1st '04

Send payment in the form of *well concealed cash* or *check* payable to
Amanda Van Sickle or
Josh Sanchez

Bad Ideas is not a business and will not be able to cash any checks with that name on it, so don't do it!

Mail order = \$2 plus postage
Bulk rates on 5 or more \$1/issue

BAD IDEAS IS QUARTERLY
LOOK FOR US IN APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER, AND JANUARY

STAFF/SHIT WORK

JOSH-REDD-SANCHEZ
AMANDA VAN SICKLE
NATE HIGLEY
JEF PORKINS
MATT HANSEN
CHRISTINA LEE
IVY

SPECIAL THANKS TO:
LYNN HOLLAND for the use of her digital camera
CHIEF ERNIE for the history and JB's article

OH Fuck, OOPS.

- we forgot Chuck Damages email, address
- both Spencer Nuisance and Sasha Wright contributed to the issue but we forgot to mention them
- The "band photo" logo was done by *Sayhaan* (age 5)
- We cut off a few sentences somewhere in the advice column
- And we printed Prestons column twice. Sorry.

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COVER
NATE HIGLEY

Columns

Reclaim The Streets!

By: *Riz Raz Rassoodocks*

On April 16th at 3pm, a huge crowd, dressed in fanciful costumes, will congregate in front of the federal building (Liberty St and 5th St). When we are good and ready (around 4pm), we will march to main St. and have a party! That's right, we're gonna have bands, we're gonna have food, we're all-gonna have a good time, and **everything is free!!**

Some of you might say, hey, why would people want to have a party in the street? Why April 16th? What are the politics behind this? Who's organizing this? and, Is dude sane?

Why in the Street?

It's because of the lack of public space, because of stinky cars, because it's fun.

Why April 16th?

April 16th is worldwide reclaim the streets day.

Duh, Politics?

This event will not represent any single political theory, WOW COOL. So bring your thinking cap and start up some debates.

Who's organizing?

Nobody!!! Wait, that's not true. Anyone who dresses up is an organizer; the same goes for people who make signs, people who bring their guitars, and people who bring water for other people. This event will not be possible unless all of us make a small effort to support it (even if that means just bringing your ideas).

Is This Dude Sane?

Probably not, but lets not get judgmental. The theme of this year's party is pirates, so bring yer jolly rogers, an eye patch and maybe a wooden leg. Have fun, please make sure nobody gets hurt, dance, sing, laugh, cry, do a hand stand and **Reclaim The Streets**!!



My housemate comes home drunk on any particular evening he looks at me and says "I was at the del rio tonight and I saw all the people that work there get together and have a shot I think maybe you should get a job there." The del rio is

an old dark bar with cassette tapes on the wall for musical enjoyment no televisions no neon lights no budweiser. Wood panels and brick walls covered with photos of former and present employees art pieces hand written notes bottle caps nailed to the walls a paper mache dragonfly that hangs over the cash register to guard the money. It's the kind of bar that you only go to with people you want to be with and talk to, there are no real distractions. The kind of place that looks like a well read story, the kind of place that tells you stories even if you never think to ask, and if you do think to ask it won't ever really shut up. So I do. I show up for a very informal interview after a bit of coaxing from other employees. I am the recipient of a very well rehearsed speech about how the bar runs, that being, we run it ourselves. Four workgroups doortenders, cooks, bartenders, and waits. I am to be hired as a cook. These groups manage, schedule, hire and fire within their own particular authority. There is no calling in at the del. You have to cover your own shifts. I was handed a document called "the del rio guidelines" which in detail explain what I am to expect and what the del is to expect of me. Written into this document is a tradition called "midnights" at midnight(ish) everyone who worked that day at the del rio gather in the middle of the bar at the wait stand to collect their free drink of choice. A boisterous toast ensues employee birthdays, first nights, last nights congratulations nights, whatever nights and often "here's to us fuck all of them!". Then we all scamper back to the last two hours in far better spirits, feeling as though we really belong, somewhere. (All that hippie shit.)

I show up for my first training shift whirling. About a thousand people tell me their names. Some of them tell me I may never see them again, they don't work very often they are just covering a shift. I am forgetting their names as quickly as they are dropping them around me but everyone is friendly and I feel comfortable that they are going to remember my name. I work often. I work hard. I drink often. I drink hard. I am home. I learn these people well their ways their moods their lives their drinks their dinners their loves and likes hatreds and fascinations. I learn to love them. They learn to love me. On the second Sunday of every month we have a bar wide meeting; a forum for complaints and compliments. On this second Sunday I am introduced to a very well composed gentleman who I am told is the owner. I have never seen him in the bar before this meeting which puzzles me a bit. I am also told that he lives in new York city which explains my never seeing him before. I am also told that his father wrote the music to the infamous musical the Wizard of Oz so he has never really had to worry about money.

After a few of these meetings I become a topic of conversation at one of them. The question is whether or not I am to be let off "probation". Probation is a tricky and a touchy subject you see because once a del rio employee is let off probation that means that the only way they can be fired is by unanimous decision of everyone who works at the bar. I'm awesome and I work hard and everybody loves me so they let me off of probation. At this meeting the owner I mentioned before looks at me the room goes silent he says "your molecules are now being transformed. From this moment on you are a delriod. No matter where you are in the world if you call the del rio red phone the del rio helicopter will be there to bail you out of jail and pick you up." I laugh the uncomfortable laughter of one who isn't particularly fond of being acknowledged or included

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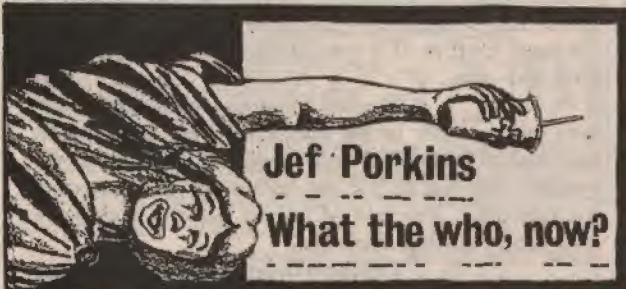
and I think I may have blushed a bit. The whole bar claps and cheers for me, the meeting ends. There's no way to explain how that felt or even how remembering that feels now. I doubt anything else in the world can touch that.

It sounds cheesy and stupid and it is. But there's gotta be something with weight for the weightless besides anarchy right?

Things chug along and we are the well oiled machine we have designed. Mention of not making enough money comes up repeatedly at meetings. We all have our guilt issues and good ideas about how to increase business. Sometimes we ask for raises that are denied, not often but occasionally. Mostly we were grateful for the family we have found and the home away from home we create. We ask to see the books. We ask to be informed. We ask and ask and we are never met with answers. We are told that we need a manager. We are told that we are going to have one. We are told of her identity, a long time employee of the del rio with lengthy experience in all of our workgroups. We know her. We know that she is brilliant. We know that she will try to protect our integrity our work and our space; we concede. Again we chug along tightening our belts and trying to behave. We think things are getting better. We think the powers that be are pleased. We stop having meetings so we don't really know.

One fateful night our comrade and manager comes into the bar at close obviously distraught. We inquire and are told that the powers at be are hiring an outside manager without her knowledge or ours. She quits in tears. We are at a loss.

Chapter two, the manager. I'm working as usual and this person walks into the bar were not open she comes in the back door into my kitchen and says "who are you?" ...To Be Continued



In 1997, Dayton, Ohio offered me 3 things: 1) A city whose length and breadth I could fully traverse without ever running into my ex-girlfriend 2) The chance to play drums for Die EeYoRE; a band I saw as being blessed with stunning musicianship yet cursed with shitty drummers. And 3) the chance to, once again, play the style of music that I truly love, speedy hardcore punk, in a new band, Pyramid Scheme.

I had met a band called the Muzzies at a Bikini Kill show in nearby Xenia, Ohio in 1994. As the frequency and length of my visits with the Muzzies and the southern Ohio area grew, so did my group of friends. I had just broken up with my first serious girlfriend and (with no common frame of reference to tell me it wasn't the end of the world) it seemed like a drastic new beginning was in order.

Dayton was a blast at the time. I was part of a close-knit ring of friends that spent all day dreaming, scheming and living out the drunk punk lifestyle. There were 12 of us inhabiting both sides of a duplex. All of us, save one, were

in a band, if not three bands, for a total of six bands. There were a handful of kids that rounded out the bands that would come out, almost every night, from the outlying suburbs. We were Nine Volt Labs - Women/Men of Action!

Far be it for Nine Volt to be an elitist, exclusive group, we played and partied in Cincinnati with bands from the city. But most of our shows were at rented halls. The crowds, old high school friends of the Nine Volt kids, just liked the idea of having a place to get drunk and heckle their old friends that they had decided were 'just trying to be rock stars' and failing miserably. If it wasn't a rented hall it was a mid-week show at a bar that wouldn't have us back, cuz the only people that showed up were the other 7 kids from Nine Volt that weren't in the bands that were playing that night.

Being punk in Dayton felt like missionary work. If you saw someone you didn't know at a show, it was because they were waiting for you to leave so they could close up the joint.

One day, my band mates and I, from Pyramid Scheme, were eatin' subs in the only downtown-ish area in Dayton, the Oregon District. It was pretty much just antique shops, porn stores and country bars. Well, you woulda thought we'd seen Burt Reynolds or somethin', the way we reacted to this couple walkin' down the street. It was two punk kids, dressed just like us: mohawks, colored hair, patches, the works. We didn't know them and we didn't know what to do about it.

By the time we had picked up our jaws and subs (if we even bothered) they were halfway down the block. "They're getting away! What do we do?" I said. It seemed foolish, even at the time, but you gotta understand, this was unheard of. Two punks...in Dayton...not part of Nine Volt...just walkin' down the street. "You got a 7-inch or somethin'?" Gabe asked. "I got a patch!" I exclaimed, holding it forth. Gabe snatched it, saying "It'll have to do." as we sprinted after them down the street.

They had stopped to look in a shop window when we caught up with them. The ridiculousness of the situation was finally setting in. What the fuck do you say? You just walk up to a perfect stranger and go "Hey, you look like us, here's a patch for my band"? It seemed stupid. But, all Gabe said was "Hey, what's up?" and I could tell from their reaction that they were in the same situation we were.

It wasn't stupid. We just started talkin' and it turned out that they were exactly like us. They had a house with a ton of people in it. All of them were in bands. They were all playin' shows to stupid people that couldn't care less if it wasn't for the beer keepin' them there. It was like crossing over into a parallel universe.

We remained friends and hung out now and again. We went to each other's shows, partied in each other's houses and bought each other's records. It felt great and I couldn't help but think that nothing like that would ever happen again. Eventually, it did. It wasn't the same, of course, but it did. And Dayton opened up a lot after that.

I moved back up to Michigan after a year in Dayton. I considered it after a while and I couldn't conceive that that would happen up here in Ann Arbor or in Michigan for that matter. I saw punks all the time that I never talked to. I just didn't have the guts cuz I felt stupid about it. I had my friends, they had theirs and why would we need each other's company?

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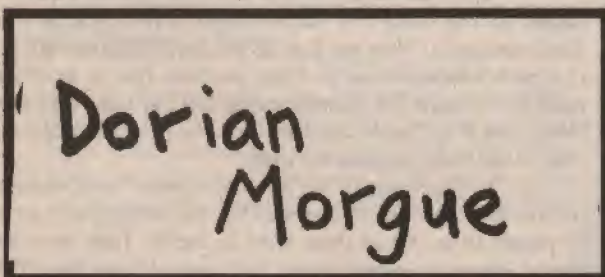
Most of the time, sooner or later, I'd run into them at some show and get introduced by some mutual friend. It wouldn't cultivate the relationship that I had with the kids in Dayton, but we'd say 'Hi' and exchange fliers or something. It opened up the scene for me, though.

When Punk Week 2 came along in 2003, we made up these little fliers for all the events. We had to pass them out by hand for fear of some authority figure winding up figuring it all out and putting the kibosh on our fun. But, every time I saw some "weird" kids I didn't know, I had an *in* to striking up a conversation with them just by givin' them a Punk Week flier. I still see all those kids and I still say 'Hey' or whatever. I see them more and more at shows or around town and they always tell me what they're doin' show-wise, art-wise, protest-wise or other wise.

I think back to all those times that I saw cool kids around. I think of the fact that if I had Punk Week fliers or whatever fliers...anything, if I just had the gumption to say *something* to them; if everybody just said *something* whenever they saw cool kids walkin' around, how much more of a tight-knit scene we'd have here. Shit! I wear t-shirts, patches and buttons expressing my interests and ideas for all to see. Why am I wearing this shit if not to, essentially, be flying a flag saying *this is what I'm about!* Why am I wearing it if not to attract other, like-minded individuals for fun, friendship and discussions over coffee? That's what I'm doing it for, that's what they're doing it for!

So, if you see me walkin' down the street, say something, anything! Let's get together and shoot the breeze. You'll know it's me cuz I'll be wearing t-shirts, patches and buttons expressing my interests and ideas for all to see.

P.S. Amanda described this, lovingly, as a "hippie freak-out". Well, I work at a bar that has it's fair share of hippie shows. I gotta say, those kids come in fucking droves! They must be doin' something right cuz it sure ain't the music.



On October 26th 2003, Ann Arbor finally regained something very precious that was lost for a significant amount of time.

For those of you in the know, those of you that bothered to show, and/or the lucky few that could get the evening off work: I am, of course, referring to the first show at the Bad Idea house.

The Bad Idea house independently owned and operated establishment (as well as a residence) that is used as a base for starting independent projects of various types (i.e. All ages punk shows, bands, this zine, etc). So what better way to celebrate the establishing of an establishment, to establish a better scene, then to have an all ages show at The Bad Idea House. The first exclusive all ages Ann Arbor venue in a long

time.

There was going to be four bands total, however, due to reasons unknown, one of the performers had to cancel, leaving the other three bands to take up the slack.

So the three remaining bands performed in the following order: Shi-Nei (from Ann Arbor), Sexy (from Oakland C.A.), and Onion Flavored Rings (from San Francisco C.A.).

Performing first was Shi-Nei, woe's name is Japanese and translates into a multitude of things. Shi-Nei proved to be an incredible opener despite the fact that it was only their second or third show (at the time of this writing, I'm still not sure). The singer was, without a doubt, one of the most entertaining, unpretentious and uncoolist frontmen I have ever seen in my life. I loved it! He even went so far as to lay out the lyrics to some of the songs down by his feet, right next to the set list. A display of sloppy amateurishness that has long been a staple in just about every punk scene; and a welcome change to the overabundance of polished, technically proficient hardcore bands that have been dominating punk scenes for the passed five years. By the end of Shi-Nei's set, it became clear that things were off to a promising start.

The second group up to bat was Oakland C.A.'s Sexy. A group of ballistic performers who's sense of humor would make you laugh at your mothers own funeral. They played an outrageously chaotic set that rivaled the energy level of a cooked up kindergarten classroom. The drummer played with a broken foot. A true testament to their abilities and dedication. At the end of their set, it was reveled that the bass player had severely cut his fingers while playing. The fretboard of his bass was smeared in blood, much to the delight and horror of the audience. Sexy shrugged it off as if it was an everyday occurrence, like tying your shoes.

The last group, Onion Flavored Rings, took over to show us the business. Their scorching set consisted of a brand of high energy pop punk that's very popular with the M.T.V set, minus the cute, corporate marketability. The said M.T.V set assholes don't know what they're missing. Their loss.

Despite constant electrical shocks from the bass guitar, and an incident involving the ceiling fan that I wont embellish on because of space restrictions, Onion Flavored Rings pulled through.

All in all, the evening was a success. I'd like to think that everyone walked away feeling like they were a part of something special. Something important. As they well should have.

Believe it or not, it isn't often that we have these types of events in Ann Arbor. A lot of people involved in independent/ underground music (Punk, Hardcore, yada, yada) outside of Ann Arbor have a strong misconception about Ann Arbor being this Mecca of indy liberalism. This is mainly due to the fact that the MCS and The Stooges had their origins in this little Midwestern college town. So a lot of folks who do their research view Ann Arbor as the home of punk (sorry Sex Pistols, sorry Ramones). It is, after all, one of the "big ten" college towns in the Midwest. Although gay, and lesbians are, for the most part, allowed to walk down the street holding hands

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with their partner of choice, I seriously doubt little has changed since young Iggy Pop began slashing himself in front of T.H.C sedated hippie audience's all those years ago.

This is not to say that the area has been completely barren in terms of independent, artistic/musical creativity. It would be impossible to document all the bands, artists, venues and supporters that have come from the local punk scene, at least not in this zine. But it has grown and flourished, as punk has grown and flourished. And most importantly, influenced. This zine, and the subject of this column is undeniable evidence.

Before the Bad Idea House, there was "The Moose Lodge" and "State Control Records". Unfortunately, I can not reach any of the former residents of the Moose Lodge at the time of this writing.

As for State Control records, their activities were so numerous and frequent that it would take no less than two issues to properly document all their events and relevance. It is being planned, as far as I know.

The Bad Idea house has a greater chance at surviving than it's predecessors as it is not at the mercy of uncaring landlords. I hope there will be many more shows there, and I hope to see you and your friends there. Provided that nobody acts the fool (drinking in front of the house, smashing things, being a general nuisance, etc...), together we can make this work..

This is going to be great.....

--Dorian Morgue



Roseanne was a riot grll...

So I was watching sit-coms with my grandma when "Roseanne" came on. I missed the first few minutes because I was in the kitchen getting myself a banana-nut muffin. When I came back in and started watching the show Roseanne and her sister Jackie when driving down the freeway with an infant (who's infant I'm not sure...but it doesn't really matter). They were heading home while mooning and yelling at a truck driver. Blah blah bad scenery blah. So they end up at a gas station, cops come and go and a "strange" woman asks for a ride. So Roseanne, Jackie, the mysterious infant and the hitchhiker are all driving down the freeway together. The hitchhiker starts telling them how she's a singer in a band and on the way to a show. This is where we enter the twilight zone. Her band is a riot grll band. Then she goes on to mention bands like bikini kill, 7 year bitch and so on. Next thing you know the hitchhiker's says "check this out" as she whips out a bikini kill tape and pops it in the tape-deck. At this point everybody is rocking out and discussing the social-political nature of their lyrics. Eventually they end up at the bar where the hitchhiker's band is playing. She tells Roseanne to "keep the tape, I've got more" and then something really cheesy

about keeping the movement alive. My urge for another banana-nut muffin caused me to miss the end of the show, but I sat there pondering what I had just witnessed.

someplace else...

I miss being on the road. For me, that is when I feel the most alive. Waking up in different places, different states. Staying in cheap hotels, crashing on an old friend's couch or even doing the old sleeping in the van routine. Life is about having experiences, not just sitting around doing the same thing day after day. I love the fact that I have a bed to sleep in night after night, but waking up every day in the same place makes me want to stay in bed some days. Too many people stay in the "safe place". Leave. Go someplace you've always wanted to go. Take yourself on the road. Do something you never imagined you would do.

I am really happy that I moved back to Ann Arbor. But as I get ready to go to Chicago in a few days, I'm glad that I'm getting this break. Three days away doing something I love to do. Hanging out with old friends. Surrounded by creativity. I'll be glad to be home and back to my regular routine though, itching for my next chance to get away for a bit.

oh shit...

so rumor has it that another Starbucks is being opened up downtown. This is pretty sucky, considering that they have already forced out local businesses before to obtain their locations. So if you are interested, here's a way to try and contact them to let them know that we have quite enough places to go get a "frappo-crappo-cino" already. Starbucks (customer relations) #206.447.1575 info@starbucks.com

exit...

Alright, before I sign off, there are a few things I'd like to mention:

1. Ann Arbor Book Fest is coming up at the end of April. For info, go to: www.aabookfest.org
2. "Gimme Danger" is supposed to be a local music column, but when does local music ever get covered (or even mentioned)?
3. You should watch: Lost in Translation and Stoked: The Rise and Fall of Gator.
4. Demo is one of the best comics being made right now. Check it out: www.brianwood.com
5. The Punk Prom is coming on May 30th, so watch for info coming soon.

That's it, go home. Luv, Nate H.

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www.clipheartpress.com



This is a story about four punks. A crusty punk named Somebody, a hardcore kid named Nobody, an Indy rocker named Anybody, and a zine editor named Everybody.

Now Everybody wanted to see a show, which Any-

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body could have set up. Nobody booked the bands, because Everybody thought Somebody would. Anybody could have booked a band and Everybody wanted to but Nobody did. Everybody figured Somebody had booked bands before, but Nobody realized that Anybody could do it. It would have been easy for Anybody to call up three bands and have them play in Somebody's basement. Everybody wanted to see a show but Somebody needed to find a venue which Nobody did. Somebody could have set up a show with Anybody's band, but Nobody ended up doing it.

* * *

I couldn't believe how good the show was. It was January 10th, my twenty-sixth birthday and I was in Kalamazoo at the third semi-annual Punk Rock Dance Party. Seven good bands played, it was free, and people actually danced the whole time. The bands; New Crime Icon, the Nothing, Bantha Fodder, Spit for Athena, Death in Custody, McQueen, and the Hairy Drain Babies, all tore it up and really, there were people dancing for every band. Five hours of dancing. The punk rock dance party was actually a punk rock dance party. It was such an amazingly, sweet show. Turing 26 rules.

After the show a bunch of us who had played or set up distros were standing around kinda in disbelief. Wishing we could have shows like that in Ann Arbor and then it hit me, we could. We have. These bands could have played in Ann Arbor, I mean four of them are from Ann Arbor and the other three would gladly play there. Someone said we should set up the same show in town, "At the Blind Pig maybe." To which I responded, "oh no., not the Pig." Like a bunch of fucking 21 and over alcoholic, boring ass, mother fuckers could actually get excited about music.

See, I think we're over reliant on that bar. And I know everyone loves it there and they pay the bands pretty well, but god... I've played there three times and had fun playing there once. Another time it was kinda not really sucky and the other time I hated and couldn't wait to get off that stupid stage. Every song we played put me two minutes closer to ending and I might have just walked off but I was playing as a favor to a friend.

Back in k-zoo we're still talking about an Ann Arbor Punk Rock Dance Party.

"Not the pig it has to be all ages, other wise nobody will dance." Spence tells me that having a bar and having everyone drunk played a bigger part in the dancing. I disagree, more or less.

I don't care how drunk you are if you don't dance, you don't dance. Of course there is that small amount of people who want to dance but they're just to over come with social anxiety. That is until their social anxiety becomes impaired, then it's socially acceptable to do what ever they want. At the Pig the one time I had fun was with Axis of Evil when we played five songs at the Punk Week II, ALL AGES show. There was a lot of people there who you don't see normally because they are too young. Although I haven't been a big drinker for about nine years I still understand that it's important for people who drink, to drink at shows. But really, just because there is not a bar at the show, doesn't mean you can't get drunk! Has every one forgotten high school. We used to get drunk at every show we went to and there was hardly ever a bar where we saw bands and we couldn't drink at it any way. We still managed to puke our guts out after every show.

So, no there doesn't need to be a bar in order to have a good show. And for all the folks who don't go to the shows unless there is a bar, well, you'd just sit in the back anyway so we won't even notice you're not there.

Still in k-zoo, still talking about what made that show so good. Well it was free, yeah, that always helps. Regardless of everything else, bar no bar, all ages, old and up, everyone's always broke and it's much less risky for someone to go see a band they've never heard if they don't have to shell out 3 plus dollars for it. O.K so free equals good, but what else? Well the bands were all good, more or less. Two weren't technically as together but everyone was having so much fun they overlooked this. Plus having a sound system that you could hear the vocals on was defiantly a good thing. How about the band selection, I mean the kind of bands that played. That was probably more important than how good they were.

Let me put this in all it's cheesy glory by separating these bands by "genre". There were two hard core bands, two punk bands (they were all punk/hardcore bands, but I mean the more typical sounding kind.) one matty luv core band, and two weird bands (one was arty with fancy timings and cello, and the other I can only compare to nirvana with less stupid lyrics.) now, why was this important? Well, it would have been a way more boring show if all the bands had sounded the same. Yes fans of hardcore would have been really excited to have seven hardcore bands play, but I as a fan of music would have been pulling my hair out by the forth band. There's just not enough diversity in a show like that. Just remember if you book all emo bands only people who like emo will come. And yes you will lose some people who are true to their genre, or people will come for one band and then leave (that being the case you still get their money from the door to pay the bands with anyway.) But, you will still get more folks to come if you mix it up. Which brings me to another point in the all ages argument. Young people aren't nearly as jaded, like us old people. They are way less closed to hearing music they've never heard before. Although they are sometimes quick to judge, bitterness has not entirely set in.

In Kalamazoo, as I'm packing up my distro. I can hear the gears of my friend whirring. "But.. but.. If not at the blind pig, where?" Okay I'll tell you.

Here's the second reasons I think the pig has been bad for music in this area. Everyone has become so complacent. If some place doesn't advertise real loud that you can play shows here, everyone thinks you can't play shows there. The local musician mantra might as well be "there's no place to play in this town! Except the Blind Pig. Oh and the elbow room." It's been like this for years and by this point every one in this town has lost (almost) all ability to put on shows unless the show gets handed to them. No one does any work unless it's extremely easy. And then everyone complains about the lack of shows and plays the bars like good little bands. No one books show, and even worse no one tries to book shows. It's not that complicated, and if you don't believe me, well. Let me tell you a story about a band called Oedipus and the Mother Fuckers.

Oedipus was comprised of three people from the east coast and one from Ann Arbor who had never really played in rock bands before and there for hadn't developed the cynical, jaded, bitterness you get when you play in bands here. Now they got a few songs down and wanted to play their first

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show. If they had been from the scene they would have asked the blind pig and maybe played an open mike night or went to ypsi to play the Elbow Room. But, they weren't from here so they went to their friend house and said, "you have a big living room. If we sound proof it and keep track of the crowd and clean up after our selves, can we play a show here?" and their friend said "yeah." So they did and it was fun. For their second show they built soundproofing and set up an illegal show at the Perf Net in an abandoned room and it was also fun. For their third show they went to a local pizza joint. They went in, explained that they play in a band and are looking for a place to play. If the pizza place would let them play a show inside the pizza store, they would do security and bring a sound system and set up everything and clean up after words. They said they would like it to be free but would be bringing potential customers into the restaurants. All the pizza place had to do was donate a few hours on a Saturday. And the pizza joint owners said "okay" and Oedipus played their third show.

Now, here's the math part. If Oedipus can play three (3) all ages shows in a month (1) at places that don't have regular shows, that means (=) that ANYBODY can put on all ages shows anytime they want. Those guys were serious space cadets, so if they can do it so can you, me, us...

The point I'm trying to make here is that in order to have really good shows we have to stop being so fucking boring.

There are hundreds of businesses big enough to put on shows. There are thousands of houses that have spaces big enough for bands to play. There are millions of outdoor places

to have a band play. You could get a generator. You could run an extension cord down the street. You can find plugs in some sidewalks and lamp posts. You can run an amp off a car battery. You can play acoustic. If you live in a house you can put on a show.

And I know everyone's always worried about the cops showing up and getting noise tickets, but fuck, if you can throw three shows in a month before getting shut down, that's three shows that wouldn't have happened if you hadn't. And then your friends can do shows at their house and you just keep the cops running all over town. Not only that but if you're having a show that might get busted, think about this. Do you really need four bands playing 45 minuet sets? Couldn't three bands playing 15 minute sets be just as good. Or two bands playing for 20 minutes each. You could have the show last an hour from the first band to the last. Name a cop that's that fast. By the time they get there the shows over. You could have shows at 5pm if you wanted. You could have a different band play at 10:00 every day for a year. There is no reason we have to act like a bar when we have shows. Bars plan on the music being over about the same time the bar stops serving alcohol. Since there is no bar in your house there is no reason to schedule shows on a bar schedule. One more thing, I haven't tried this so I don't know if it's true but supposedly you can get a noise permit for free at city hall that lasts until 1 am. So stop freaking out about the cops when it's not only fun, but funny to get around them.

It also wouldn't be hard to comb your hair and put on some sorta nice clothes and walk into any business and ask

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if you could put on an all ages show for the local kids. You know, give teenagers something to do other than slash tires, shoplift, smoke drug and scribble on walls. Then you wink and the owner feels like a jerk if he says no. You could charge a bit and pay the business and bands a bit, or it could be for free, but regardless it will bring people into the store. If it's a restaurant the kids who come to the show will probably buy food and drink. If you go in with specific times that you plan on starting the "gig" and how many people will be working "security" and who's going to work the door and who the "sound engineer" will be and how many people will be part of the clean up crew. You never know, they just might say yes, and then it's on. If the show works out well and nothing gets broken and everything's clean and the store's making a little money you can probably do it again. If shit goes bad well, there's one store to avoid for a while. You could even make up little coupons to give at the door you pay five dollars to get in and get a two-dollar off coupon for the store. Then you pay the store two bucks for every person you took money from. If 30 people come that's 60 dollars to the store plus whatever else people spend over the two dollars. You could offer the business a flat rate, one hundred dollars to rent the space for a few hours. A hundred dollars isn't hard to make. Thirty-three people at a three dollar cover, twenty-five at four dollars, twenty people at five dollars, six-teen people at six dollars. Just let the bands know they might not get paid very much. But hey you might convince the store to feed them (and yourself) for free. You could have shows in restaurants, or copy shops, video stores, corner stores, gas stations, book stores, cafes, clothing stores, any place that has an open space or a place that could be cleared out easily. You could do it after hours and then it's straight up extra money for the business without any worry about offending current customers. You could play anywhere and it never hurts to ask and have them say no. But really if you look kinda professional, like your doing a public serves (which you are) they just might say yes.

Now lets go back, back, to earlier in this ridiculously long column when I was talking about the way we rely on the Blind Pig too much and how detrimental that it.

Okay, when I was 16 years old I first started going to see live bands. A year later I started my first band. Now just say there had been no shows for me to go to. Just pretend that none of the all ages places existed there for I never saw any live bands and would have never started my own when I was 17. (If I had started one at all.) But lets just say that I would have. That the same time frame existed, where I start a band roughly a year after I started seeing shows. So being that I can afford the seven dollars average it takes to get into the Pig at the age of nineteen, I would have started my first band at twenty. That's three years and two bands and I don't know how many shows I wouldn't have played, just because I wasn't influenced by music at a younger age. Why is this bad in general and not just bad for me? Well, let me tell you. Almost everyone has the similar story about first getting into punk. The punk saved my life story. The one about felling completely alone and isolated and miserable like teenagers do. And then finding this music, and community and every thing felt... better. Punk will always be music for dejected youth. You are not really "youth" when you're twenty and can finally get in to some bars. You're young still, but it's not the same. I think about what my life would have been like had older

people not played music for me. And now that I'm in my mid twenties I'd hate to not give other kids the same chances I had.

Which has been one of the really bad things about music in this area. There are no young people playing music. Everyone in bands is in their twenties which is really cool for some reasons, but when were in our thirties, who's going to be playing music in their twenties. If we don't have youth involved in our music now there won't be any one who's going to take our place as we move away, get jobs, or die. You can see the results now, by looking at how the last five or six years of twenty-one plus shows has affected the music in this town, the amount of energy in the audiences, and the amount of people playing in bands. In the 90's some of the biggest bands in town had high school aged kids in them. I can only think of one kid who's in a band that play a lot and is less than twenty. Isn't that fucked, look at all the early punk bands, almost all of them were in there teens when they started. The median age for Ann Arbor is like 23- 25 for shows. While in most other towns it's way younger. Plus, it's always more fun playing for younger people. They get more excited. I think the older local crowd has something to do with all these local bands trying to get singed to majors. Like fish getting hooked on the right bait. A band plays a bar locally and because it's full of adults everyone claps and sits there. Then suddenly a bands (or their friends) get a tiny bit of major label attention and now all the adults are allowed to get all dressed up and dance their ass off when they see that band. Of course it's going to be tempting to get suckered into a big label if the crowd is more exciting. I'm just saying, visit a town that has a lot of all ages shows. There's something extra at shows there. Some energy, or spark that makes everything that much more interesting. And while it's really, really incredible to have as many older people playing music as we do. I think we, as musicians tend to lose some of the urgency in our music after we've been doing it ten years. Which is part of what made it so exiting in the first place ten years ago. Youth will always add to what we're already doing. And without a lot of all ages shows we lose some of that.

I'm not telling you to boycott the Blind Pig and only play all ages shows. But we have to remember that it's really a disservice to our own history when we don't. And I don't think yer an asshole for playing shows to twenty-one plus crowds. I just think we should consider this. We are the business for bars that have live shows. We make their money. We have a certain amount of power, especially the bands that draw a crowd. It can't hurt to ask that the show be all ages. You could play every other show all ages if you want. But really refusing to play a non all ages show isn't going to end your life or even your band. Bars will really go through the effort to have all ages shows if we demand that they do. We're their source of income. Big bands like Dillinger Four and Propagandhi do it when they tour, there is no reason the bigger local bands (and the small ones too) can't do that also or at least some of the time. Cuz hey, they make more money off of our local band playing there fifteen times in a year that they do the one time D4 comes to town.

So, now we're back in Kalamazoo, it's still my birthday (well actually it's past mid night so it's not but whatever) and I'm on my way home. Crash is already asleep and I'm thinking about why this show was so good. It was free. There were seven bands. It was all ages, in a town that doesn't

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ostracize it's youth. Spence would say it had a bar, I would say that doesn't matter too much cuz we could have gotten drunk anyway. The sound system worked well. It was well organized and well advertised. And the bands didn't all sound the same.

Now about those last three points. First, people tend to whine about not having a PA as an excuse for not throwing shows. Well, yeah that's hard, they are expensive but if you're in a band it's an investment that's really worth your while. And then you can loan it to people so they can put on shows. If you ask around someone will have one for you to borrow, or ask if you can throw down twenty bucks for the use of it. Or if you're planning a big show you could rent one. Call around you can probably find one that's will fit your needs for pretty cheap. If all else fails, a mid size guitar or keyboard amp or a big bass amp will be good enough for your basement. A human voice is not going to hurt an amp.

Second, nothing is more annoying than a show that could have been good if it had been better organized. Before a band gets to the show space they need to know, when to show up, for how long they will be playing and what order they will be playing in. It just make it easier and yes some times it gets messed up, but at least the band will have some idea about what to expect. Also set up the sound and the stage before anyone gets there. From personal experience it is really hard to find the right extension cord adapter while the room is full of people waiting for the show to start. You need to have extension cords and/or some power strips that are grounded (that means three little metal things sticking out of the end) because otherwise you're liable to electrocute the band. The sound system should be set up and tested because some times a mic. or a cable are broken and you have to have time to replace it. You also need to think about where the bands are going to put their stuff. How the "stage" is going to be lighted. Who's gonna watch the door and take money, and you need to give that person change for the jerks that pay with twenties. You need to consider whether or not the band will need space to sell their merchandise. There are a ton of little things that are easy to forget but if you set up before people are there it's much easier and less frustrating for you and the bands.

Please advertise for the show, more than two days ahead of time. Most people find out about shows through word of mouth so they need some time for that to filter down to every one. Fliering is very important. In a pinch or if you're really broke you can do the ten point flier job that I sometimes do. Put fliers at the Village Corner, Launch Board Skate Shop, Stairway to Heaven, Wazoo Records, Encore Records, Liberty Street Video, the Fleetwood, and Rubber Soul Records if you can make it to Ypsi. Also around Community High School and near the Blind Pig won't hurt. Using those ten places plus a stack of hand bills have been good at getting the word out. Definitely do more if your time and money allow. Hand bills (little fliers) are really good for giving people when you see them on the street or at work or in the bar. This is a fair warning, if you book a show and don't flier and no one comes, it feels terrible for both you and the band. And sometimes it happens anyway but at least put in some effort to prevent it. There are also some Internet places you can post shows at if you use computers.

Finally, booking bands that don't sound the same is not really hard. I know it's way easier to have your friends band play with yours every time you book a show but I'm

anti-social and shy and if I can go out and meet new bands anyone can. If you are at a show and see a band you like, or one you don't hate, or even one you kinda hate but don't hold anything against and they draw a nice size crowd. Go up to that band after the show and ask for a contact number. I'm serious, bands never blow you off if you might want to give them a show. It's like magic and sometimes a little annoying if they get your number and keep calling and calling about playing a show. So get their number don't give them yours until you know you have a show for them. Do this and in a month and you could have a list of fifty bands from the area to choose from. It's that easy. Again, there is also the Internet. Maximum Rock n' Roll started Book Your Own Fucking Life in the late eighties, to help touring bands book shows D.I.Y. style. Starting as a list of bands and venues all over the world, it grew to include, zines, stores, crash pads, cheap food, radio stations, record labels, and just about anything else a touring band or traveling person would need. You could use it to find a place to sleep in any large city, worldwide. Or you could put out a national or international compilation using the band listing. The last printed issue came out a few years ago but it's all on the web now. Look for Michigan and find a huge list of bands you've never heard before. Call one up and have em' play your show. Clubs tend to wait for bands to find and call them but it's so much nicer to do it backwards and find the bands using your own discretion. Plus you could list your venue on BYOFL and bands will call or e-mail you, all the time. Which is a bit annoying, but if you want to have bands from out of state come though town on tour definitely do this. And on a side note, for those of you who play in bands. If you book a show for a touring band, they will almost always book one for you when you're on tour.

To sum up the question of weather or not we can have shows that good in Ann Arbor. The answer is. Yes. We just need to work at it a little bit. Promote and develop a healthy music community and every show could be great. I saw little sparks of it two years ago at violent ramp shows, and at every show at the pizza place, at the record release show last spring in the 555 gallery, and at liberty square park the night of the black out. We can totally do it, I've seen it done. Here are some tips on what I've had work and what I think will help.

- 1) All Ages show, most or at least some of the time. (All the time would be better yet.) It promotes kids to play music as well as makes the audience more fun.
- 2) Cheap Shows, free if possible. Though, as a musician and a promoter it always nice to get a little bit back for the work you put in to it. I'm also of the opinion that unless there is an absurd amount of bands playing the cover should never go over five bucks.
- 3) Good Mix of Bands, cuz everyone's not at narrow minded as it seems sometimes and it makes shows more interesting.
- 4) Good if not at least half way decent Sound System, p.a., amps whatever just as long as it can be heard. It makes bands and audience want to come back again.
- 5) Organization, as far as what's going to be happening, who is playing, when, where, etc. It makes everything easier. And remember to flier okay.
- 6) The most important part is, we actually have to BOOK SOME SHOWS or there won't be any for us to go to.
- 7) This one isn't really a point, just some friendly advise. Be

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creative, we are only limited by ourselves. Anything we can think of we can make happen, any obstacle we can go under. But of course be realistic. You can't really expect a lot of people to come to a show on top of a parking structure planed for the next day if you only hand out one flier. You'd need at least three days and two fliers. 1-2-3- Go!

* * *

In the end it turned out that Nobody booked a show, which Anybody could have done, because Everybody thought that Somebody would do it.

Contact me via Bad Ideas or reddjosh@hotmail.com (but I hate email), BYOFL (book your own fucking life) at, www.byoil.org or you can get there by the link through MRR web site at, www.maximumrocknroll.com APRIL 16th is inter-national take back the streets day. We're having a party at the federal building (corner of Liberty and 5th Ave.) In Ann Arbor then go the corner of Main Street and Liberty. Be there bring a beer and a band or your dancing shoes. For a party in the streets. Meet at the federal building at 3:00pm and at 4:00pm we will be headed towards Main St. Events like this will be happening around the globe, so lets make sure Ann Arbors is good okay. Unfortunately it's Friday, so those of us who work have to decide between international day of solidar-ity or getting paid.

Brooke

"Why Don't You Just Get a New One?"

Because I quite simply don't want to. In an age when we are struggling to make accommodations for our quickly growing waste piles, and there are such outlandish theories as to send it to the moon, it makes me wonder why anyone would dream of throwing away something that is still in working condition. Peculiarly enough, this phenomenon occurs by the minute.

Sometimes I find myself having difficulty with some piece of electrical equipment around the house, and I become frustrated with my possession. Some flaw in its design has made it stick its tongue out at me, and I, feeling my blood pressure rise, want to throw it against the floor and scream as its antagonistic little plastic particles fly away from the impact point. Of course, this only happens when I most need the equipment to be in working condition. In those moments I realize, just before my left arm has to talk my right arm out of throwing said object, just how much it would cost to replace it. Then I second-guess myself and the tide of temptations begins to roll to shore. 'You could get an even better one.' 'It wouldn't cost that much.' 'You don't have the time to fix it anyway.' 'It's old, and it doesn't really look good with everything else.' On and on, the coercion is slowly eroding my will. At some point, I steel my resolve and decide not to throw a tantrum, as I am not a toddler. I am going to fix my equipment.

However, eventually some things become more ex-

pensive to fix than to replace. Common sense economics override the obligation not to waste, and there goes that 1989 Ford Festiva that was filled with road trip memories and near death experiences. This is just a bit more difficult to bury in the local landfill than that eight-dollar toaster.

Where does one draw the line? Why do people throw out musical instruments, microwaves, refrigerators, laptops, televisions, lamps, stereos, furniture, even pets!? Is it really so terrible to continue to use something that's outdated? Where I come from, when you get something, you take care of it because it's the only one you're ever going to get. It costs too much, and income is too little to replace it, environmental concerns aside entirely. Things have a long life up there. Here, though, and in most of our nation, when something begins to malfunction, and there is such a plethora of things with which to replace it, many good things go to waste. Am I to understand that abundance must inevitably lead to waste? Should this really be acceptable? When I think of all the people back home who don't even have most of the things I find on the sidewalk every spring, I grow more and more disgusted when I witness the discarding of working things for the sake of keeping in time with modern technological innovation that do little to actually improve the quality of life enough to justify the upgrade.

I suppose this conclusion that I am reaching is that the next time something of mine isn't working quite up to par, and someone asks, "Why don't you just get a new one?" As if 'duh- if it screws up, get rid of it' were the only or best solution, I will just shake my head and proclaim my appreciation for being fortunate enough to have it in the first place, and get it fixed. If it works, use it, dammit!

The End of Winter Blues

by Justin Brewer

When I woke up in the afternoon, I just wanted to go back to sleep
(ba - da - da - da - dump)
It's so fucking cold and grey outside and the snow is two feet deep
(ba - da - da - da - dump)
my lips are chapped, my hands and feet are numb, I got a smotty nose
(ba - da - da - da - dump)
and I don't feel like takin' a shower or changing my clothes
(der - der - de - do - doo - ba - da - da - da - dump)
how I make it to work every day make no sense to me
(ba - da - da - da - dump)
I don't think I could hold a job if it wasn't for coffee
(ba - da - da - da - dump)
and if it wasn't for work, I'd get drunk all day long
(ba - da - da - da - dump)
I don't even know how I wrote this song
(der - der - de - do - doo - ba - da - da - da - dump)
when I'm talking to people, I never say what I mean
(ba - da - da - da - dump)
I can't even trust myself not to blurt out somethin' obscene
(ba - da - da - da - dump)

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did I just tell my mom how much more often I masturbate?
 (ba - da - da - da - dump)
 fuck it, I'm eatin' bacon and doughnuts for dinner and I can hardly wait
 (der - der - de - do - doo - ba - da - da - da - dump)
 when is spring gonna get here Goddamnit?...
 (ba - da - da - da - dump)
 I'm tired of being stuck indoors and shit...
 (ba - da - da - da - dump)
 ain't there anybody out there who can relate?
 (ba - da - da - da - dump)
 aww fuck it, next year I'm movin' to another state
 (ba - ba-da - da-da - da-da - da-da.....badada-dump...blamrrr)
 yeah

Random Things That Can Help You Seem Smarter Than You Really Are

by Jill (a.k.a. who the hell is Jill?)
 I thought your name was Ivy...)

- *An acre of trees can remove about 13 tons of dust and gases every year from the surrounding environment
- *Your stomach has to produce a new layer of mucus every two weeks; otherwise it will digest itself.
- *The phrase "rule of thumb" is derived from an old English law which stated that you couldn't beat your wife with anything wider than your thumb
- *Antarctica is the only land on our planet that is not owned by any country
- *The opposite sides of a dice cube always add up to seven.
- *It would take 29 million years for a car traveling 100 miles per hour to reach the nearest star.
- *The speed of light is 186,000 miles per second.
- Spider webs can be used to clot blood
- *The average human body has enough fat to make 7 bars of soap.
- *The very first bomb dropped by the Allies on Berlin during World War II killed the only elephant in the Berlin Zoo.
- *Absolute zero is minus 459 degrees Fahrenheit, which is the point that matter stops moving
- *Of all the words in the English language, the word "set" has the most definitions.
- *You are more likely to be killed by a Champagne cork than by a poisonous spider.
- *More people are killed every year by pigs than by sharks.
- *Pigs have no sweat glands, the phrase, "sweating like a pig," actually makes no sense at all. They don't sweat, they wallow in mud which evaporates from their skin and cools their body.
- *A study has shown that musicians' brains contained 130% more nerve cells in their auditory cortex, a part of the brain linked to hearing, than non-musicians. Furthermore, the level of brain activity in professional musicians was shown to be

102% higher than normal, while the brains of amateur musicians were 37% more active than average.

It was recently discovered that a majority of the human brain whose function was unknown, is actually devoted to memories, which are stored all throughout the brain instead of just in a localized area. So stuff these facts into your gray matter, there's definitely room, and impress your conversation-mates by being surprisingly knowledgeable about random trivia. Or just irritate them until they call you a know-it-all and tell you to shut your blabbermouth pie-hole.

CoMix BY ZONE Matt HANSEN

Comix Zone

Welcome to the first installment of Comix Zone, with this column I will be telling you readers of what I think is the best in the pop culture business, mostly the comics but some others like movies, conventions, and nerd stuff like that. Since this is the first of the series I'm going to keep it short with just some good reads for those who never have.

First on the list is an old mini series that has to be one of my absolute favorites **Johnny the Homicidal Maniac** by the great Jhonen Vasquez on slave labor graphics. It's a great hilarious story of a poor guy with a killing problem. But for all you art snobs that prefer the realistic art stay, away it's not for you, but if you like psycho murders and decapitated talking bunny heads, then find this book.

Next we have a great old character brought to new heights, this would be **The Punisher** written by the great Garth Ennis and covers by one of my favorite artist Tim Bradstreet. The Punisher has gone from it's pansy regular Marvel line to Marvels MAX adult line, so our friend Frank Castle gets all the blood, gore, and chaos he deserves. So if you have put off reading this book because of it's past, then get it now and prepare to be amazed. Also look out for the **Punisher Movie** soon to come out in the summer of 2004. It looks well worth it.

With the last part of this, I would like to cover something new and that would be Marvels **NYX**, written by Joe Quesada with art by Joshua Middleton. This new book has already shown that Quesada is now not only a great artist but a great writer as well. The book is a story of new teen mutants in the big NYC. It will be a book you fall in love with after the first couple of pages. Trust me on this one. With it's flashy art and great dialogue, this is one book you should; if you can find them, pick up the first couple of issues and see for yourself.

Well, that's it for the first writings of Comix Zone. Please tune in next time when this minor column will be a real review section.

-M.H.

Columns

Andy Demps

Ann Arbor was graced with two hardcore bands from Japan in 2003, Short Fuse and Assault, and given the positive reception they got, I thought I'd use this space for the stories of my trips to Japan. I don't claim to be any sort of expert, and actually rather despise that mentality because it leads to academics totally nerding up good hardcore. But I do enjoy the hell out of it and am glad to share what I've seen and heard. If you'd like a CDr of any of the bands mentioned, just drop me a line. societideath@yahoo.com.

In May of 2001 I went to Japan for the first time. Every now and then one of the locals would ask me why I was there, and my answer was usually, "To see Gauze", and they would nod knowingly. I had my own personal business to take care of too, but checking out record stores and seeing Gauze was really a big part of the reason I was there.

As time goes on, hardcore stays fresh for me because I keep seeking out new things that deliver that familiar charge. I've been into international hardcore for just about as long as I can remember. The difference in perspective, sound, and approach fascinates me, and delivers every bit as great of a band, if not better than the US. People who have that USA-only tunnel vision miss out on classics like Manliftingbanner, Anti Cimex, Extreme Noise Terror, Raw Power, Ohlo Seco, and Lip Cream all because they can't handle "the weird accents." It's not like those people generally care about the lyrics anyway, and as far as funny accents go, they listen to bands from Boston, don't they? Anyway, Japan's tradition of powerful sound crushes the majority of US hardcore. It has been said that pound for pound, the average Japanese band is infinitely better rehearsed than the average American one. There are some distinct cultural differences, like the near total lack of a DIY ethic (although there is a murky "anti commercial" standard), and the Japanese hierarchical system, but it really is a different world playing by its own set of rules.

GETTING THERE

Billy from Deathtreat recommended www.justfares.com to me, and it has yet to fail. Even going in May, my ticket to Japan was under \$700. So in 2001 I flew one way to Los Angeles from Detroit, where I stayed with Felix from Life's Halt, an exceptionally gracious host, I might add. I had stayed up for three or four days straight, finishing the preparations for the Ruination summer tour. So I spent most my weekend in LA eating tamales and sleeping at the house studio where Life's Halt were recording their side of the WHIN split. I woke up long enough to do some backing vocals to "No Substance". If you listen really, really closely, you can hear my fucked up yell in the background of the choruses. I've mangled my voice pretty thoroughly over the years, and now any time I shout it comes out as the Bloodpact voice automatically. Pretty

comedic when yelling at frat boys near Rick's on the weekend.

Felix dropped me back at the airport a couple days later, and I flew to Japan on Thai Air. If you're so inclined, most airlines will accommodate vegan meal requests, but you should definitely reconfirm a day or two before the flight so you don't end up eating everyone else's leftover fruit cups the whole time. You get some pretty interesting meals this way, and the special meals generally get served before the normal ones. All the better for an impatient hungry bastard like myself.

So it turned out that most of the passengers on the flight were going all the way to Thailand, and I was only one of two or three people to disembark in Japan. I don't like running the risk of lost or smashed up baggage, so I travel light and get by with one carry on. Most of the time when people bring more than that, it's just a bunch of junk they end up not using anyway. It takes quick use of the Jedi mind trick sometimes, though, especially bringing a bag that is clearly too big to be a carry on. "Uh, you need to check that bag, it's too big." "Oh... No, it's ok." "Oh, alright, go ahead." So with only three people getting off the plane, they didn't even have the immigration and customs stations set up. I just went to the window at the office. They laughed at me for only having a vague idea where I was staying and how to get there, and waved me through.

Narita airport is really nice, a world away from Detroit Metro in distance, form, and function. You take a shuttle train to the main airport, where you get a ticket into Tokyo (the airport is 1-2 hours away from Tokyo, depending on what class of train you take). A Japanese man saw me standing slightly jetlagged and confused on the train platform, and asked if I needed help. Most Japanese people don't speak any English, but when they do, they're usually pretty excited to practice it. So he told me which ticket I needed and we had to go upstairs to buy it. He left his bag on the platform and said it was safe and I could too, but I wasn't quite ready to drop my American defenses. It turns out I could have, and the worst case would have been someone would have turned it in to the lost and found office. Japan has an extremely low crime rate (and part of that is the correspondingly high conviction rate), and most people walk around with all the cash they need for the week, on their person, since it's so safe. This also means it's pretty hard to find an ATM or even businesses that take credit cards. So when going to Japan, don't even bother with traveler's checks, just bring a pile of cash and convert it to yen at the airport. You can convert it back on your way out.

GETTING AROUND

I took the Skyliner train to Tokyo station. The train ride is an hour or so through fairly rural areas - small towns, rice paddies, bamboo forests and so on. Tokyo station is complete sensory overload after that, all brightly colored posters and tons of people hustling, criss-cross in every direction. Luckily, the person I was meeting there spotted me right away and showed me which train to take. We were staying in Noda, sort of out in the sticks in Chiba. Luckily, Tokyo has an amazing public transportation system. You can take the JR trains pretty much anywhere you need to go, and to anywhere in between, you can take the subway. I think there's even a bus system too, but I never had to use it. The trains are reasonably affordable, and always on time, with a train leaving every few minutes in each direction. It's a lot nicer than having to drive, you can read, listen to music, or fall asleep safely, and you don't

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get stressed out by traffic congestion.

The trains are full of Japanese people checking their email on their cell phones. Since Japan decided on one technology standard for cell phones, rather than the patchwork we have in the US, they've been able to take the technology much further faster. The hyper consumerist culture also helps propel technological development, since people need to have the newest item right away, while in the US people feel ripped off when a new cell phone comes out three months after they bought one. I bought a Game Boy Advance in the electronics district of Akihabara to help pass the time too. It was about \$30 less expensive than the debut US model, and I got it a couple weeks before it came out in the US. So all together, it was easy to lose track of just how much time I spent on the trains each day.

On my second trip to Japan, I paid attention and found out it was nearly an hour and a half from Noda to Ueno, another forty minutes or so to Shinjuku, and another ten to fifteen minutes to Koenji. That whole trip costs about \$8 each way. You buy your ticket out of an automatic machine, with the fare dependent on where you're starting from and where you're going, and then you run it through the turnstile. At the other end, you run the ticket through another turnstile at the exit. It either keeps it and lets you through, or rejects it and then you have to adjust the fare correctly at another machine before it will let you through. Everything is precisely organized, to the point that the stairs have arrows pointing up or down for which side you should walk on. Given the volume of people that use the train system every day, it's completely necessary, and it also goes to show that it would never work on that scale in the US. To make the system flow smoothly, everyone needs to be keenly aware of what's going on, polite, and not need too much personal space. The trains can get completely packed, and the US standard of sitting every other seat just doesn't cut it. It's pretty easy to get a handle on the whole system within a day or two.

For longer trips, such as to the old capital of Kyoto, you take the Shinkansen bullet train. Shinkansen tickets are for reserved seats, and the train travels up to 100mph. The tickets can be quite expensive, around \$100 each way. But if you got a JR Pass before coming, you can use the Shinkansen for free as well as the JR lines. The JR Pass is really only a good value if you use the Shinkansen, but it usually pays for itself in one trip that way.

In Kyoto we used the bus system to get around. It was remarkable if only because the buses are electric/gas hybrids, and the engine shuts off at stops. No fumes, no noise, no stress. And then as soon as the operator hits the gas, the engine fires up again. Quite a change from the beasts of the AATA. The only downside to the whole public transportation system is that it shuts down between midnight and five AM or so. I still don't understand how it can do that in a city of so many millions of people, but after midnight, you're either out for the night, or you have to pay for a taxi home.

PLACES TO GO

My second day in Japan, the person I was with wanted to go see the gardens in Ueno, so I tagged along, planning to go and find record stores once I got bored. Ueno has an extensive park and a zoo, as well as a shopping district built around the train station (as most train stations there tend to have). I walked around for a while, then headed off. I found an HMV on the seventh story of a department store. They had a

punk/hardcore section, but it was mostly poppy stuff, with the exception of the Outo discography CD and the SOB "Don't Be Swindle/Leave Me Alone" CD. I already had a CDR of the SOB that Ted Wong was kind enough to burn for me when I bought the Lip Cream "9 Shocking Terror" CD off him. So I passed that up, and I planned to get the Outo CD at one of the independent shops. My mistake, because the Outo CD was on Specialized Fact, a pretty big label, and none of the smaller shops carried it. The Outo "I Wanna Drink Your Cola!" home video had also just come out, but I passed that up too.

I had poked around on the internet before I left and knew I wanted to go to Record Boy and Record Shop Base, located in Tokyo. So I headed to Tokyo station. I walked out of the station and said "What the fuck..." because Tokyo station is in the middle of the financial district. Certainly no record stores in sight. What I didn't realize at the time is that "Tokyo" is not just the area around Tokyo station, but the entire megalopolis. Every train station is its own little urban center, and Base and Boy are located in Koenji. But at the time, I didn't fully realize that, and just started walking, figuring I would stumble on something. I eventually found a Kinko's and, using the internet, found the correct location of Record Boy. Koenji doesn't feel like a very big town, but it is home to Boy, Base, and Circledelic, all within three blocks of the train station.

I wanted to get a ticket for the Gauze show, so Erica at Boy suggested I go to Allman Records in Shinjuku. Shinjuku is insane. The Demon City itself, and along with Akihabara, the visual inspiration for Blade Runner, it's all neon lit skyscrapers, the most used train station in the world, and home to an extensive red light/tourist district. The streets are a total maze, and I only found Allman by asking a kid, wearing a flannel and a Sore Throat t shirt, for directions.

Antiknock, the club where the Gauze show was, is also in Shinjuku. I called Sayo's cell phone to let everyone know I was ok and probably wouldn't make it back in time to meet our other friend's who were arriving at the airport. I told her I was in Shinjuku, and she said, "Uh... are you ok?" I said I was fine, and would see them later that night. I guess it caught her off guard because Shinjuku is a pretty hairy area as far as Tokyo goes. Which still only means it's about as dangerous as Ann Arbor at worst.

The next day we took the Shinkansen to Kyoto. We bought bento box lunches at a department store in the train station and ate them along the way. Kyoto is famous for its shrines and old castles. Then we went to Nagoya to stay at Sayo's parents' house to see what a normal Japanese house is like. Just like at the ryokan, you leave your shoes at the door and use slippers to get around, with another pair of slippers dedicated to the bathroom. We stayed up talked to her parents who were extremely accommodating and friendly, giving us sake and snacks. We gave them omiyage, small gifts that you give when you meet someone or go to visit. We left them some money for our use of the utilities since they're outrageously expensive in Japan. Rather than using hot water tanks like in the US, the hot water is usually heated by gas right before it exits the showerhead, giving you instant hot water and consistent temperature for as long as you need it. At the end of our stay we took a trip overnight to the Togakushi mountain region, where we climbed the mountain, ate the local specialty foods of soba and wild mountain plants, and stayed at a resort.

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Back in Tokyo, the other big tourist destinations are the Imperial palace grounds by Tokyo station, Roppongi, and the electronics district of Akihabara. Roppongi, along with Shinjuku, is a usual destination for hanging out all night at bars and clubs until the trains start running again in the morning. Akihabara is unreal. The first thing I saw coming out of the train station was a forty foot billboard advertisement for the new Gundam Wing toy. Akihabara is block after block of tiny electronics stores packed in between giant electronics department stores. Video games, discmans, rice cookers and everything related to new home technology can be found here, and at a reasonable price, if you search hard enough. I got my GBA at a store that had a floor dedicated to each video game system. They had a Sega floor, a Nintendo floor, a Playstation floor, and so on. The number of video games they had that never come out in the US was amazing as well. All sorts of anime based games and loads of RPGs. Akihabara is also a good place to get electronic media like minidisks for the cheapest prices around.

JAPACORE

With my Western PC sensibilities, "Japcore" isn't exactly a term that slides off my tongue, so I prefer the Japanization of the term, "Japakoua". The main spots I hit on this trip were Boy, Base, Allman, and Antiknock. I also wandered into the Disk Union in Kashiwa, but missed the used section somehow. Disk Union is a chain that has a decent new selection and can have amazing used records too. Boy is my favorite record store in the world. Specializing in Japanese and Scandinavian hardcore, with healthy doses of USHC, crust, and a little true metal as well. No emo pop to be found in this tiny, packed to the walls store. Boy is run by Erica Beck, who is thanked on nearly every Japanese HC record, and Satoru the original singer from Assault (who played at Launch with from Ashes Rise in the summer of 2003).

When I called for directions, Erica actually came down to the station and met me to show me the way. She had just finished translating the MRR Ruination interview for Doll Magazine and knew who I was and that I would be coming to Japan. The world can be very small at times. Boy has a good selection of used and rare items too, as well as a Pushead section, and good prices on everything. I nearly lost it when they had the Devoid of Faith/Police Line 7" in the racks. When I bought it, Erica very matter-of-factly said, "Do you want another?" Uh, yeah! The only other copy I had ever seen was in Johan from Reflection's collection the previous year, and here was a store with multiple copies. I guess Pushead had just been in Japan for a toy convention and had dropped off a bunch of stuff. Insane.

Looking back at some of the stuff I passed up here, I'm still kicking myself. The Judgement "No Reason Why" 7", one of the Nightmare 7"s, the Kuro double CD, and tons more that I didn't know at the time. Still, I walked away with plenty of stuff that I wanted, like the second Warhead 7", the first three Gauze CDs, the Deaththreat/DSB 7", the Ripcord "More Songs About..." CD, and the Liberate "Singles" CD. I asked if they had the Bastard CD, and Erica dug out a box of more than fifty of them. Unreal.

Base is only a couple of blocks away, and home to the Mangrove label. Another great store, with a little more variety and space than Boy. Then again, you can't beat Japanese or Scandinavian HC in my opinion, so it's all relative, I guess.

Still, another excellent store. Down the hall is Circledelic, all used vinyl, and pretty expensive. All three stores had the Bastard LP and the Outo "No Way Out" 7". It's so strange to be able to find stuff like that so easily, but then again, it's always priced appropriately, although still below US Ebay prices. Another odd thing is that imported US records are less expensive than Japanese records. I guess the wholesale prices are just that much cheaper, as the Japanese labels just follow their own standard without a local tradition of DIY "lose money or you're cashing in" rules.

Allman is another packed small store run by HG Fact. More early punk sounding stuff, in addition to Japanese, Scandinavian, UK, and US hardcore. I bought my Gauze ticket here because I was worried the show would sell out. I passed up the Lip Cream CDs because of the unique and unusual cover art on the last two albums. My mistake, every Lip Cream record is classic.

Antiknock was the only punk club I made it to. A tiny basement underneath a fancy restaurant, it has the best PA I have ever heard in my life. Not too much bass or treble, it just sounds like the music should, except extremely loud. The show started around 7pm, and you had to buy a drink ticket on the way in. All the bands can use the house equipment, including a drum kit and guitar amps. Shikabane opened, solid metallic Japanese hardcore. They had just gotten back from the US and ripped through their set with few pauses. No Think messed around a little more between songs and were alright, but I was impatient for the real reason I was there. I tried not to have my expectations set too high to avoid disappointment, but I shouldn't have worried. The drummer from Gauze started setting up his own kit instead of using the house gear. The bass player started tuning up, and all of a sudden out of nowhere the guitarist and singer appeared on the small stage and the band roared into seventeen songs in a row, stopping only for the stick clicks to start the next song. The endurance and intensity of the band was inhuman. Most American drummers and singers are sweating and panting after the first song, chugging down water during every break. Gauze played seventeen songs without a single gasp for air. The records are only a blueprint for the sheer wave of intensity they set loose live. And then, as suddenly as it started, they were all off stage before the guitars had even seemed to hit the last note. Everyone in the audience looked at each other in disbelief and exhaustion, even the locals who get to see them play every month or so. As one person put it to me, "It is too bad for Fuck On The Beach to have to play now." Gauze were an impossible act to follow, but it was FOTB's LP release show, so they had to headline. They played well, as every Japanese band does, but it all seems irrelevant after Gauze.

I missed the Slight Slappers/Forward/Judgement gig the next weekend to take care of other things. If only I could have been in two places at once. After the Gauze show wrapped up, it took me so long to find the locker at the train station that had my bag in it, that I missed the train and had to spend the night in Shinjuku. Another story all together.

10 Japanese bands you can't go wrong with (and this barely scratches the surface): Gauze, Death Side (and the ex Death Side bands, Forward, Judgement, Paintbox), Assault, Warhead, Crow, Lip Cream, Jabara, DSB, Rocky & the Sweden. Societic Death, Slaughter and Forward should be playing Ann Arbor sometime in July, I'm already very, very excited!

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Damage Control

Chuck damage

Ahh, Bad Ideas issue number two, and I almost missed it. In this episode we find Chuck Damage frustrated and tired.

"Understand the way we feel, limousines and mortgages ain't no big deal"

-Cock Sparrer, "Running Riot"

Frustrated, because the last month has been a living hell. I have been dealing with mortgage brokers, house inspectors and realtors. Tired, because I have just spent the last week moving my empire of junk from Ypsilanti to Toledo.

Yes, that is correct, I have forsaken the city where I spent my formative years; the underdog town that I have championed, and loved since 1980. Goodbye Ypsi and Hello Toledo, Ohio. When I tell people that I have packed up the family and moved to Toledo, the response is always the same, "Why Toledo?" Well, the best answer that I can give you is "Affordability". I bought a house here that would have cost me almost three times as much in Ypsilanti. With that said, please keep in mind that I will always have a soft spot in my heart for Ypsilanti, and will regret that I never ran for mayor. I have no love for Ann Arbor at all and probably won't miss it.

As far as backing up the affordability aspect, here are a few more reasons:

Toledo is a blue-collar town, through and through. I am from a family of down to earth people who find happiness in simple, everyday life and aren't super nit-picky the way a large majority of Ann Arborites are. Seriously, I couldn't believe how many snooty people there were in Ann Arbor when I first started working there in 1993.

Toledo has a rich punk rock history. Touch and Go records started here and Dischord Records co-founder, Jeff Nelson, lives here. Don't forget about the Necros either. As a matter of fact, the first day that I received my newspaper here, who was on the front page? It was Todd Swalla, formerly of the Necros and Laughing Hyenas enjoying a warm winter day at an outdoor skate park. That's right, I said outdoor cement skate park. The city hall chumps in Ann Arbor could give a shit about a skate park. I say this from firsthand experience. Also, one of the greatest hardcore skate bands ever, Life Set Struggle, is based in the Glass City.

I could go on and on, because everyday I explore a little bit more and find cool assed shit that makes me happy to be here. Make no mistakes, there are some downsides, but I'm the kinda guy with sunshine shooting out my ass and don't like to dwell on that.

Lately, I haven't been too stoked on the punk rock. There really hasn't been much released that really does much for me. Fortunately, I recently found two little glimmers of punk rock hope in the universe and they both happen to be local.

All right, if you buy one seven inch this year make it

the THREATNER seven inch EP on 625 Thrash. All that I can say is "Fuck". This record is so damn intense. I got this and played it straight for almost two hours. These guys are fucking tight. I saw them live at the Elbow Room in Ypsilanti last month and man, that was an intense show. Do not miss them if you ever have the chance to see them live. The singer Rod is an excellent front man who managed to lose a shoe while launching himself horizontally into the crowd of onlookers. My favorite part of the night, aside from that, was when Rod called out to the people sitting in the first few rows to stand up. I believe that he said something, like "Stand up now, or I will fucking attack you." The expressions on those people's faces ranged from stunned to anger. I had a good laugh at their expense. That was truly an awesome show.

The other seven inch is the new EP by Life Set Struggle, the previously mentioned hardcore skate band. I recommend this seven inch to fans of early 80's hardcore. All of the songs are about skateboarding and these dudes actually skate. I've seen them live several times and have never been disappointed. Don't miss these guys if you have the chance to see them either. Their EP is on 625 Thrash as well.

One more band that I think deserves some attention is an Ypsilanti based band called Human Wick Effect. (<http://www.humanwickeffect.com>) Now, I'm not really a huge metal fan, but these guys are amazing. I guess that they could be described as math metal. Every time that I've seen them play they seem to get better and better. So while the whole world is going crazy over this shit called screamo, we local folks have a phenomenal metal band that is the real deal. From a musician's stand point, these guys are incredible while still being listenable. If there is any justice left in this world, these guys will be huge. With so many mediocre metal bands flooding the mainstream, I have hope that somebody will find out about these guys and show the masses just how intense metal can be.

Well this is the end to my second column. With any luck at all I'll be able to write the next one at least a day or two before it's actually due, not a week after the due date. Thanks for reading this magazine. I'm really excited to be a part of this and hope that my writing skill grows with every issue. This magazine is the best thing to happen to Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti since State Control records. I hope that this lasts longer. If you don't like something about it, I challenge you to get involved.

Santi Holley.

"We, the People"

In the summer of 1787, Philadelphia hosted the Constitutional Convention. James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and other founding fathers met at what is now known as Independence Hall to shape what would become our country's Constitution. This historical document

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outlined not only the foundation of our three branches: judicial, legislative, and executive, but also laid out our rights and privileges as American citizens. The first ten amendments were designated the Bill of Rights, which granted American citizens the freedom of speech, of religion, protection of unwarranted searches and seizures, the right to a quick and public trial, and other inalienable rights. Over 200 years have passed since this document has been signed, and in these years we have seen seventeen amendments added to the original Constitution; ranging in issues from outlawing slavery, to lowering the voting age to eighteen.

At this very moment, disturbing occurrences are happening to our country that threaten to disrupt the peaceful way of the life we American citizens have known for 200+ years. We have survived a Civil War, two World Wars, and a Great Depression, and we have remained strong and confident. Now, however, we face a much greater threat. Not Al-Qaida or Osama bin Laden. No longer Saddam Hussein or his fundamentalist Baath party. Not Saudis with box-cutters. Not even Allah Himself makes this superpower tremble. The threat that American citizens are most concerned about today is the treacherous homosexual marriage.

We are facing a new menace to American security. Homosexual marriage currently holds a fifty-percent divorce rate, and more and more couples appear not to be able or willing to keep their families together. Rather than concern ourselves with why heterosexual marriages continue failing, we, as a nation should do all in our power to keep homosexual marriages from succeeding.

This presidential election is sure to be one of the most important in American history, and the topic of gay marriage is rightfully placed as top priority over our rising deficit, failing economy, and endless occupation of Iraq. President George W. Bush has spoken for all American citizens when he called the recent Massachusetts decision to allow gay marriages, and the thousands of marriages that have taken place in San Francisco "deeply troubling." He also relayed that "marriage is a sacred institution between a man and a woman." Indeed, marriage is a consecrated sanctity that must be reserved for one man and one woman; be it at the courthouse, at Las Vegas by Elvis, or on television to strangers for a large sum of money.

The President said he supports an eighteenth amendment to our Constitution defining marriage as between one man and one woman. The Constitution and Bill of Rights: article of freedom, independence self-determination, and liberty. If we are to keep this secure, than we must back an amendment that denies it to others.

"We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

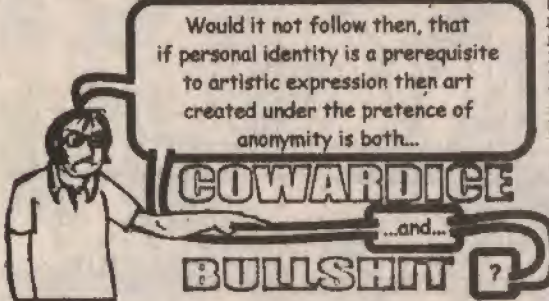
God Save You All,
Santi Elijah Holley
santiholley@yahoo.com



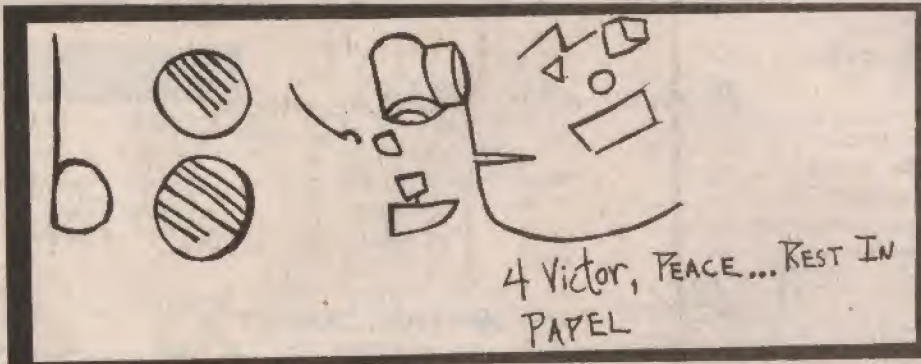
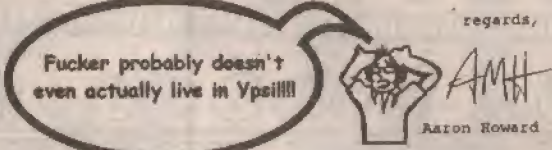
My **ACTUAL** Life in An Arty

by: Aaron age 24

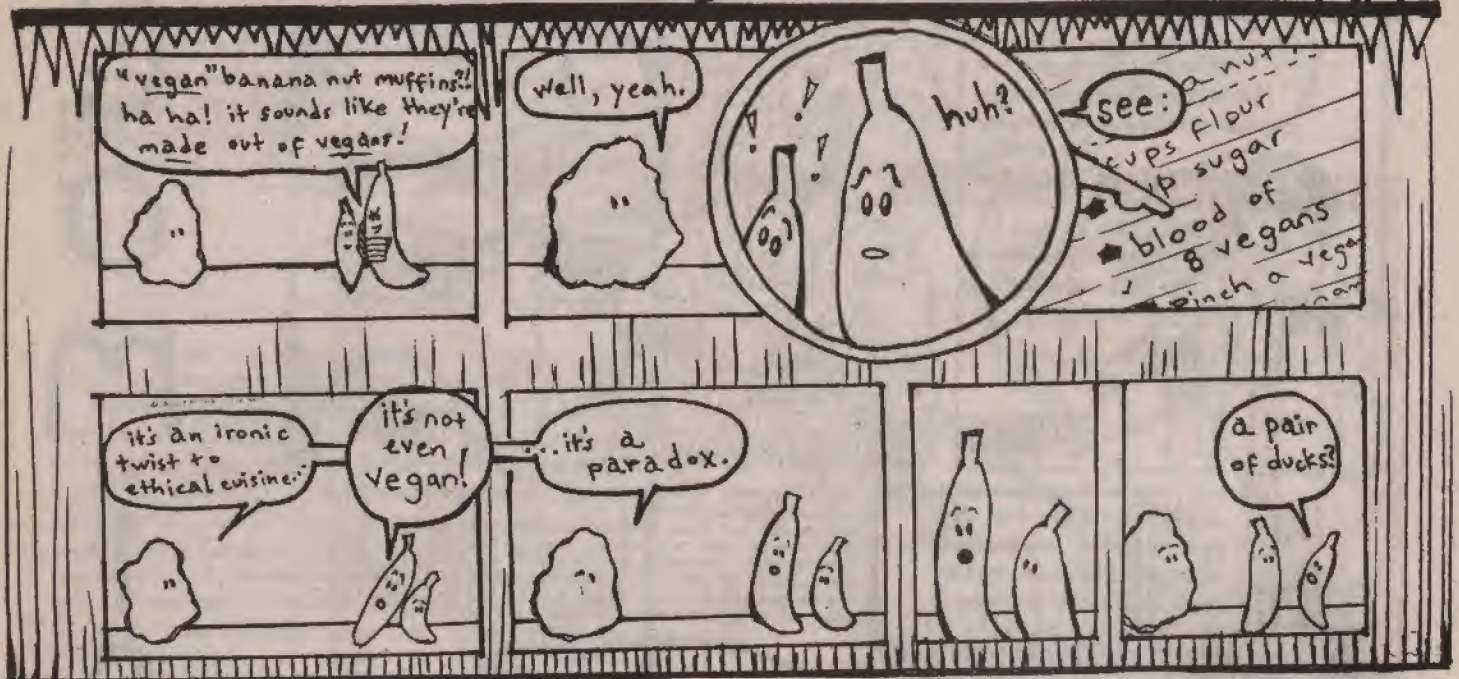
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Hello, my name is Aaron Howard, and you can e-mail me at: ARotothel@arotothen.com
 And unlike "my life in Ypsi"'s creator, 'anonymous' I have left myself open to personal attack. You see, it's my contention that anonymity in art should be reserved for works too ancient to trace back to their origins. Anonymity should not be granted to individuals too afraid to let the world know who they are. Jesus Christ, it's irritating!!!



NUTTY NUT & the Splitbrain BANANAS



'Vegan' banana nut muffins

2 bananas -----> ① mash with fork.

1/3 cup vegetable oil

1/4 cup soy milk

1 tbs applesauce

-----> ② mix with bananamash.

1/3 cup sugar

1 1/2 cup Flour

1/2 tsp salt

1/2 cup walnuts

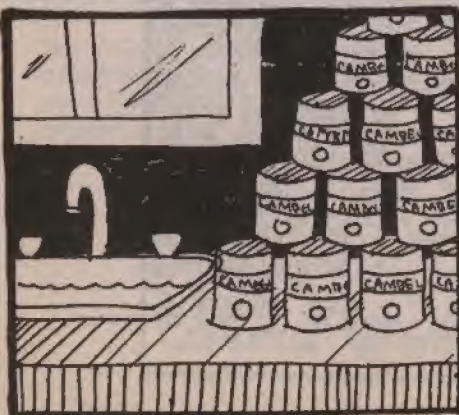
handful of
chocolate chips
Optional

-----> ③ mix in separate bowl.

④ MIX

⑤ add nuts
and chocolate chip

⑥ BAKE 350° / 20-30 mins. -----> Optional



"Kitsch-en"

driving back up to MI from NC yesterday, a few city names in white on green stuck out, like KING TOBACCOVILLE NC, the only place to which many of you nicotine-knocked kids would admit allegiance. BLAND NC - not Blandsville or even Blandston - nuf said. There's FRAZIER'S BOTTOM WV, named for its founder's ass, and finally, to answer the question that has plagued our generation, WALDO is in Ohio.

Peace, love, + snacks, SASHA.

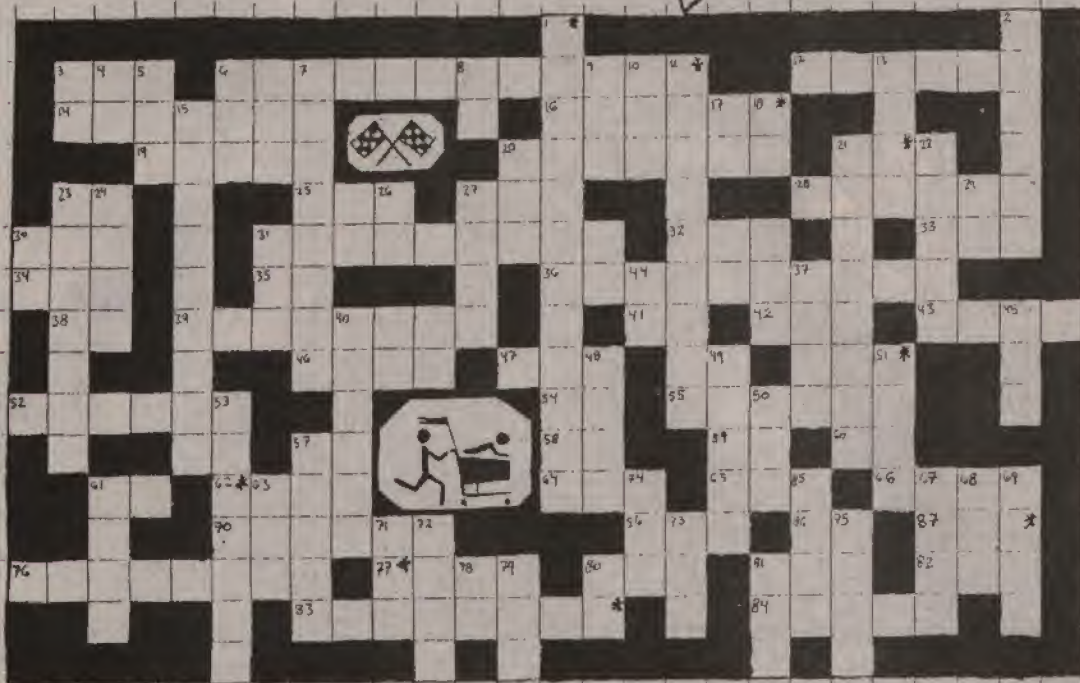


Dark side of the Spoon.

PUNK ROCK

☆ CROSSWORD ☆ by: KAREN A.

The idea behind this crossword isn't necessarily to have EVERY word relate - even remotely - to Punk Rock. It's more a puzzle omitting pop culture, name brands (mostly), and other mass media tools that are often used in newspaper crosswords. Hopefully you'll find this puzzle more interesting, more relevant, and MORE FUN!!!



★ I reserve the right to use symbols, numbers, and words that don't EXACTLY exist... If you don't like it,
 iii Write your own!

★ -? - A question mark denotes a joke answer as in:
 Music for the not-so-well-endowed?
 Ans. SMALLCOCK ROCK

★ If the clue is abbreviated, or "Abbr" is written after it, the answer is abbreviated as in: clue: twelve in.
 Ans. one ft

★ In case you couldn't figure it out, Acro. means that the answer is an acronym.

★ The cute little drawings in the puzzle are a clue...
 A picto clue!

★ Unscramble the letters in boxes with * in them to get the MYSTERY WORD!!!

ACROSS

MYSTERY WORD

3. Emma Goldman Supported Organization ^{Acro.}
6. Site of 2003 FTA protests (2 words)
12. Home of copies and coffee
14. Rinsing Profit (2 words)
16. Tip of the berg
19. No meat on dairy
20. ~~Object~~ ^{only with these tools}
21. Get Right
23. Bush Speech?
25. Needed to play Electronic ^{INSTRUMENT}
27. Reason not to drive drunk ^(other than killing yourself or someone else)
28. Remember this word when walking at the Fleetswood.
30. Balls on Strings
31. City rule
32. Acro. Prefix for American Naval ship
33. Mr. OnLison
34. Street Main Street Party Store is ^{located} on
35. Normal And Street-prefix
36. Defunct local band - also common sidewalk Etching
38. Local group known for Fearful - Acro.
39. Indi. Movie, was JAMERICAN for award
41. Said "Phone home"
42. Not a pretty girl
43. home of "Big Dick"
46. 1992 happening in 8 down city
47. Local punk band named for Greek mythology Acro.
52. Spray Paint brand (Yeah yeah... ONE)
54. Excessive drinkers program Acro.

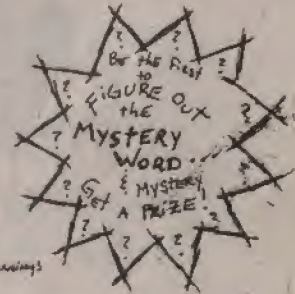


55. \$ 1.30 and tastes like poo?
56. Don't rely on others Acro.
57. state with "Governator" - Abbr.
58. JK's DAD
59. Ashville state
60. __, MD, LG
61. A² store - degrees
62. 90s Sewer dwellers Acro.
64. A² Store Named after Led Zepplin (name)
65. Nomical and logical prefix
66. Pro New York t-shirt slogan
70. "___ not a fairly value" (2 words)
76. First word of picto-clue event
77. WANDER
80. BEER + WATER = ___? Acro.
81. Aug. 13th birthday sign
82. POSSESS
83. A² event held in April ^(featuring souzty feat. boys and girl school kids who don't know better)
84. Come in strips And books
 ^(Alternate spelling)

DOWN

7. Bad Ideas home town
8. City famous for Sundrines? ^{Acro.}
9. On the Rocks? with ___
10. ___ - before acceptance?
11. Versificators' sound
12. Oops: there is no 12 down, here's a clue
 ^{Anyways - first letter of command Antidote}
13. Kk, Llc, dls, rice, Mice, slice...
15. Power source for under-the-bridge ^{shows.}
17. Bad Spielberg movie?
18. Good place for naked swimming ^{Acro.}
20. At the center of a Milky Way?
21. Examples: Caffeine, Nicotine, Alcohol (2 words)
22. Before home?
23. Another good under-the-bridge ^{Event.}
24. ___ Sing Death House
26. 3.14...
27. best time to pee outside?
29. LO and UTH prefix
30. State w/ Liberty Bell Acro
31. Used to Row
37. Misspelling of enough
40. A PERSON who loves booty?
44. For example
45. tofu base
48. Burn a hole in your underwear?
49. Necessary evil?
50. Group responsible for "Parental Advisory" warnings
51. Bra and God prefix
53. Local band named for mouse from The Neverending Story

57. Not a word at all,
 ^{Dust even say and guess this one.}
61. Amt. of Alcohol, usually comes in glass
63. A woman needs a ___ like a fish needs a bicycle?
67. Nirvana's "___ shaped ___"
68. Best time for sex?
69. opposite of LINGAM
71. TAX TATERS
72. NYC burb
73. Piss off
74. Hairy Drain Balies Acro.
75. ^{NUMBER}
78. SEE 35 ACROSS
79. Artist * ___
80. First two letters of "Hippie" band name
81. Type of electronic display
85. Black, white, and tasty
 ^{all over!}



BAND PHOTOS



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K-ZOO
@ The
SPACE



Spit
for
Athena
K-ZOO @
The SPACE



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The Borders Books Strike:

WAS IT WORTH IT?

By Beth Nagalski

On January 9th, employees of Borders store 001 in Ann Arbor ended their two-month strike, voting yes on a contract with the store. This decision made the location the first unionized Borders to successfully negotiate a contract with management. Therefore, many employees and community members alike celebrated, declaring a victory for the union. Some people, however, seem less enthused by the outcome of the strike, and wonder if the gains resulting from the new contract are enough to make up for the two months of missed work and hours of standing in the freezing cold.

The fight for a "living wage" was the main emphasis for many supporters during the Borders strike, and the measure used to judge the success of the negotiations. The new contract gives a 25 cent raise to all new employees across the board. This means that the starting wages will now be \$6.75/\$7.25 instead of \$6.50/\$6.75. While this is the first starting wage increase Borders employees have seen in a decade, it's still pretty far off from a living wage. Add the new requirement that all employees must be members of the union, paying \$6-\$7 in dues a week, and the actual wage increase is meager. *Before taxes*, an employee working 35 hours a week will make \$8.75 more a week with the new contract. With \$6-\$7 of that going to union dues, there's not much left. So, where's the great victory?

Supporters will point to many other positive aspects of the contract, such as a guaranteed annual 3% wage increase (instead of a merit-based system), a transition of merchandise credit to wages (averages out to a 11 cent wage increase for full-time employees), removal of the previous wage cap for full-time employees, documented grievance procedures for employees, and the most basic, and to some most important gain: formal recognition of the union. Following the unionization of the store, Borders was accused of using union-

"Borders employees must keep the pressure on the corporation in the future, and not just let the motivation behind the strike dwindle out."

busting and employee intimidation tactics. With the new contract, employees now have some job security, and protection from a management they before found threatening. The importance of a union should not be downplayed.

In situations of strike or protest, those with an idealistic vision for the future tend to desire big results, instant gratification. Unfortunately, as most of

us know too well, such earth-shattering results just aren't generally seen. The fact that this was the first contract negotiated at a Borders store is pretty huge, and leaves the door open for future Borders employees to negotiate for more. This is the key though. Borders employees must keep the pressure on the corporation in the future, and not just let the motivation behind the strike dwindle out. When this contract expires in two years, hopefully more impressive changes can be achieved.

So, we really shouldn't criticize the Borders Group for not delivering the \$2/hr raise to new employees that would be necessary to constitute a living wage. Working within the existing system, using the accepted methods, the results of the Borders-strike were as good as can be expected. Most agree: the results aren't good enough. By default then, most should agree: the existing methods aren't good enough. Therefore, rather than mock the conservative gains resulting from this strike, we should try to think of better methods to gain larger change in the future.

You can check out an online debate on the topic, and read the actual contract at: www.bordersunion.org

Beth Nagalski can be reached by emailing jynx90@hotmail.com.

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Open Fire #1 by: Papel

Jan. 19 MLK day. Friday night. Witnessed ... The Color of Drum featuring The Last Poets ... Niggers are Scared of Revolution and When the Revolution Comes ... they had me on the edge of my seat sending chills up and down my spine ... pure electricity. My friend Sulaiman began his poem with the words of Malcolm X ... "We did not land on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock landed on us."

The Poets, at the beginning of their set, asked for a moment of silence for one of their comrades who had recently become an ancestor ... in some African cultures the dead ~~is~~ referred to as ancestors ... one of the biggest and most powerful parts of the world. As soon as the silence fell on the auditorium Zoe wailed the saddest cry filling the space. Crying for another brother gone

The Color of Drum was inspiring and revolution was in the air.

x x x

Saturday was very quiet. Walked in the cold bright sunshine with Z. on my back. Getting the news hot off the street ... Daisy Mae at the Crazy Wisdom Tea Room and a Punk Rock show at Nakamura House

Saturday night ... Daisy Mae was simply wonderful. Later i backpacked my djembe to Nakamura. AAPD attempted to break up the party with a noise violation. The house ate the ticket, made a collection to pay the fine and kept things rocking. Daisy Mae played again ending her set with Fulsome Prison ... the Cash classic. Two more bands rocked and the time was very high. Cigarette smoke and spilled beer filled the air and covered the floor. Kids jumping and swaying to the music ... bodies bouncing and ricochetting off of each other. Two dread punks at the end of the show locked in a strange embrace rolling in the fifth muck were the sugar and cream in my black coffee ... delicious

To one i said, "Don't hit him," remembering the black eyes and swollen cheeks from the previous time. "No ... there won't be violence this time," i mistakenly thought. Then standing ten feet away:

i felt

coming up through the floor
the crash of a head

brutally slammed like a door
arms outstretched

one body now languid and limp
the other slinking off into the shadows
a crazed crack head pimp

(or do you enjoy bashing queers?)

Can we increase the peace, please?... before someone really gets hurt.

A code of nonviolence may be the best solution.

Comics



IF YOU DON'T ALREADY KNOW, HERE'S... HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN RECORD

by Jef Porkins

I love records. When I say "records", I'm speaking of those flat, often black, circular disks that Jack Russell terriers listen to via large, coned Victrolas. There's nothing quite like the feeling of holding *your* very own record in your hand. This is *your* art etched in shiniest, cleanest, black vinyl. You'd swear it was the blackest thing you've ever seen! It *almost* feels validating. This is vinyl! This is not a tape that you could easily dub off on your stereo. This is not a compact disc that you could burn a billion copies of in an hour with the latest gizmo from CompUSA. The production fumes alone are enough to give generations of a family owned business in Tennessee some god-awful type of cancer. This is a turn-over time 6 to 8 weeks. This is a fucking process! This does not happen everyday.

Making a record is a relatively easy thing to do once you understand the steps that go into doing it. Calling up a pressing plant or just looking up information on the net can seem like a rather daunting task if you have no knowledge of the process that goes into making a record. For example, understanding terms like mastering and plating. You may think to yourself "My album is already mastered. That's the part where the dude at the studio put it all together and made it all sound right. Right?" Do you know what a plate is? Do you actually need a Test Pressing?

I've had the pleasure of being on wax 7 times, about 5 different ways. I've made them so they sounded great. I've made them so they looked cool. I've made them so they were dirt cheap no matter how they sounded. The way I figure it, I know some shit that someone that doesn't know, might want to know, so maybe I oughta tell 'em. Hopefully, by the end of this article you will have a better grasp on what goes into process, so you can get exactly what you want out of it.

The first step in making a record is, obviously, to **have** a recording. But that's a-whole-nother ball of wax and I ain't gonna start that far back. That being said...

The first step in getting a record pressed is **Mastering**. Mastering is where they cut your recording into acetate. Acetate, according to the 1961 version of Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, is a salt or ester of acetic acid, a compound, CH3COOH, which in the pure state is a colorless, pungent, biting liquid congealing in cool weather. Whatever, you really don't need to know all that. Essentially, they make a record out of this substance, acetate, that would no doubt look like clear plastic to the layman. This brings us to the next step in the process...

Plating is where they take the acetate, with your recording cut into it, and make a reversed metal stamp. It's kinda like casting a Bigfoot print. They pour the metal onto the acetate, like plaster into a footprint, and use the cast to press your records en mass the way some nut-job hill-jack would make it look like the hills are riddled with Sasquatch.

Now, I've done some searching on the web and the cheapest I've found, in the way of mastering and plating, is **Aardvark Record Mastering** out of Denver, Colorado. You can get your record master and plated at the pressing plant, but Aardvark will do it for about 3/5 of the price of the pressing plants. The guy's name is Paul and he runs his business out of his garage. I've done 5 records with him and I've never had a problem. If there has ever been any questions, he's called me up and talked to me directly about it. I couldn't be happier with his service. He'll master it, plate it, and send it off to whatever pressing plant you want. The coolest thing about Aardvark is that he will do all sorts of odd shit to your record for a small fee (usually about \$20). Backwards grooves where the needle is placed on the inside of the record and travels out. Double grooves where there are two grooves, with different recording, side by side on one side of the record, so the second time you listen to the record, you may hear something completely different. Then there's locked grooves, where the needle catches in a loop at the end of the record, repeating the same 1.8 or 1.3 seconds (depending on the speed) until you stop the damn thing.

Now we've come to **Pressing**. Like I said before, this is where they take the metal plate of your record and press out your order. If you go through Aardvark Record Mastering, you'll need to pick a pressing plant to ship your plates to.

This pressing plant is the last stop of your records before they come to you. This is where they make the records, apply the labels and ship them out from.

There's gonna be, what they call, a set-up charge. It's usually cheaper to make more records. Sometimes, like in the case of United Record Pressing, there's only a charge if you make 500 or fewer records and it's only \$50. They price the records per record and you gotta multiply the price by how many you want. Why, when I was a boy, I got real excited when I saw that I could press records for 35 cents!

Now you gotta pick what color you want your records to be. If you wanna be all fancy, you can get your records pressed onto colored vinyl instead of the standard opaque black. There's a bigger set-up charge for this and you're gonna pay more per record too. There are all kinds of colors to choose from and there's different things you can do with them. URP offers red, gold, blue, green, clear and white. Now, the colors are clear, but if you mix white with them, they become opaque (yes, this costs a bit extra too). The Locust mixed brown, white and green to make their self-titled 12" look like camouflage.

Your records will need labels on them...at least that's what URP will tell you. When I made the Pyramid Scheme 7", printing labels cost \$70. I tried to make them without so I could make it as cheap as possible, but they said "No dice". They said I at least had to put a white label on them and that they would cost \$50. I figured I'd just stamp the info on them myself. The funny thing was, the stamp cost me \$20. Essentially, I paid the same price to do a lot of work to make them look crappier. Live and learn.

You can get your labels printed somewhere else and the plant will put them on your records, but I've never done this and wouldn't know how to go about telling you how. The pressing plant will usually give you ink and paper color options and print camera ready artwork on labels for you. Camera ready artwork just means that send them a black and white copy of your label the size and with the same info that you want on it. Whatever is black on your artwork will be your ink color. Thusly, whatever is white will be your paper color.

The only other charges you gotta worry about are shipping charges and that's just UPS type shit. The closer it is, the cheaper it is.

The pressing plant will usually provide white paper sleeves for your records. They even stuff the records in there for you. But, covers are gonna be extra. If you're goin' for 7" covers, I'd suggest 8 1/2" by 14" xerox copies with the

extra 1 1/2" cut off. You fold it in half and, voila! Cheap ass cover.

12" covers are another issue. Finding big pieces of paper like that for cheap is real hard. Plants like URP offer "jackets with Die-Cut hole". That's those blank sleeves with the big ass label hole cut out. You can get crafty and screen print on those or cover up the hole with paper, but I hate those things. A company called Bags Unlimited has a wide array of products for records including blank black or white sleeves. Screen printing on those usually looks really cool. Bags Unlimited is also useful for poly bags for 7" and 12" records.

Well, I hope this has been a least a little helpful to you if you are planning on making your own record. Below are some contacts for companies that I have use to make my records

Aardvark Record Mastering

4485 Utica St.
Denver, CO 80212
(303) 455-1908 (Paul)
www.aardvarkmastering.com

The Aardvark web site has links and addresses for a ton of other pressing plants, printing plants and just about anything that goes into making a record.

Archer Record Pressing

7401 E. Davison
Detroit, MI 48212
(313) 365-9545
www.archerrecordpressing.com
Archer is great because they're local and shipping is not an issue.

Bags Unlimited

7 Canal St.
Rochester, NY 14608
(800) 767-BAGS
www.bagsunlimited.com

I used to use United Record Pressing, but they recently became "Anti-Piracy Certified" which means I can't have a sample of some idiot politician making some ignorant statement without written permission from the recorder of said sample. If I did and URP did catch it until the last step of the process, they would scrap the project and I would have to pay in full for all service charges applicable up to the point that they stopped. Because our laws are ridiculous, these are the length to which they must go to protect themselves. I think it's all bullshit and I don't feel like using them anymore. But, if you would like to, here's their info too:

United Record Pressing
453 Chestnut St.
Nashville, TN 37203
(615) 259-9396
www.urpressing.com



BLANK THOUGHTS

"Folks it's time to evolve ideas. Y'know, evolution did not end with us growing thumbs. You do know that, right? It didn't end there. We are at the point now where we are going to have to evolve ideas. The reason the world is so fucked up is that we are undergoing evolution. And the reason our institutions, our traditional religions are all crumbling is because..... they're no longer relevant. They're no longer relevant! So it's time for us to create a new philosophy, and perhaps even a new religion. And that's okay because that's our right because we are free children of God with minds that can imagine anything and that's kind of our role." - William Melvin Hicks

As the second month of 2004 concludes, the United States is facing an ancient issue in a new context. The media has covered it with great fanfare. Advocates on both sides are adamant in the rightness of their respective views. To some, the true experience of American freedom and full legal status that is guaranteed by the Constitution is finally within their grasp. To others, this nation is being pushed one more pussy hair closer to total moral bankruptcy and to its inevitable apocalyptic ending which is ensured by the "bible" to befall any nation that allows "sexual deviants" to be treated as equal human beings.

In the last week of February our dangerously under qualified, un-elected, and hopelessly pathetic President, George W. Bush, in a rare appearance, was paraded in front of the media to announce his support for a constitutional amendment to ban gay marriage. He did this in response to the ruling of the Massachusetts Supreme Court that denying gays the right to marriage was Unconstitutional and the mayor of San Francisco marrying thousands of gay and lesbian couples. And thus the first toss of this political hot potato was made.

Now there are three points I'd like to make before you blood boils with contempt and you begin, once again, to fantasize about joining the French Foreign Legion (...they need cooks, right?) just so you can escape this land of corporate media brainwashing, religious zealotry, and extremely fat fucks eating themselves into diabetic comas.

1. The Constitutional Amendment ploy is complete and utter bullshit. A few critics have declared that the proposed Amendment is actually a WMD- Weapon of Mass Distraction. If you can remember back to the reign of Bush 1, the same tactic was used around the time of the illegal invasion of Panama. Simply replace 'gay marriage' with 'flag burning.' Remember now? It was the same summer of the first Batman movie, if a time reference is still needed. Basically the 'flag burning' issue was used to drum up support in all true, patriotic, red-blooded and necked Americans for Bush 1 and distracted the media, and therefore the general populace from more important issues such as the horrible economy, our dependence on foreign oil, the continued worsening of the global environment, the decay of the American infrastructure, etc etc etc. The gay marriage ban Amendment is doing the same thing. In 1989, the flag burning Amendment did have some support with the strident conservatives, but for an amendment to be added to the constitution, it has to pass both houses of congress and voted upon in each individual state with at least 38 states passing it. So the likely hood of this gay marriage ban Amendment to become law is slim to none. Then again I might be wrong. No one has ever lost money over-estimating the stupidity, ignorance, and general apathy of the American public.

3. A Simple solution- Abolish marriage. That's right. Abolish all marriage. Isn't time that we, the collective human race, move on? Isn't the idea of two people owning each other a bit antiquated? And let's be honest. In many societies marriages are pre-arranged, giving either party little choice and usually it is the woman who ends up with the shit end of the stick. So essentially marriage can be viewed as the last from of globally sanctioned slavery.

Of course there will always be couples who will feel the need to file a legal document to prove their love to each other. Let them. I believe that the State should only issue civil unions between two adults, regardless of gender. Marriage should be an entirely religious institution. Amen.



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Censorship in the U.S. of A:

Saddam was never
found by the US

&

by Theresa Kiefer

Bye - Bye to
Howard Stern

I woke up on a pretty typical morning late last December, grabbed some clothes off the floor, got dressed, made some coffee...and headed out to work. On my way in I was listening to NPR and heard that the Terror Alert went up, WAY UP due to a "General Threat." While the White House gave very little information on the source of this threat, the Media bombarded us with propaganda, wanting us to fear for our lives and prepare for the possibility of a terrorist attack. The Truth was, this "General Threat" was actually a top story breaking across the world, yet it was a story that never made it to The United States.

On December 20th through the 23rd, 2003, this story broke in many international publications including The London Observer, The Sydney Morning Herald and The China Daily--. The U.S. Government never found Saddam Hussein. Kurdish forces captured Hussein months before they handed him over to The U.S. Reported by "The Sunday Express," a U.K. publication "Saddam

came into the hands of the Kurdish Patriotic Front after being betrayed to the group by a member of the al-Jabour tribe, whose daughter had been raped by Saddam's son Uday, leading to a blood feud." The source of the story was a Senior British Military Intelligence Officer, and with him came more accounts by American Officers.

One example
of how media
conglomeration
affects your truth

The fools who sit in Washington D.C. carefully planned the news of Saddam's capture to break right before Christmas. That way, American families could spend their Christmas dinner talking of the brilliant U.S. Military Intelligence...how they fought for months to capture this "Evil do-er," and how the War was 'finally' over. This

was just another smoke screen to make the American public forget about the fact that schools and hospitals across our country are closing at alarming rates, that over 3 million people have lost their jobs since Jr. came into office...and a staggering 43 million Americans don't have Health Insurance. Yeah--open your presents,

consume, get fat, watch the tube and fall prey to the ever-growing censorship of the news media. There's a lot going on that we will never hear about, thanks to the media conglomerate known as Clear Channel, and guess what--they own just about everything!

Howard Stern was recently pulled off the air due to his opinions about George Jr. (a man whom I will NEVER call "The President"). Clear Channel, a Texas-based organization with direct ties to the Bush Dynasty, announced February 25, 2004 that Howard Stern would be pulled from many radio stations due to his slander of President Bush. Now this is unconstitutional, but it JUST happened to a famous talk show host who remained on the air for many years after numerous controversial shows.

Now I am NOT a fan of Howard Stern. The one and only time I

ever watched one of his live shows was when he held an "Ugly Woman" contest. The winner would get free breast implants, to overcompensate for the fact that she was "dog ass ugly." Yeah--not only encourage a woman to mutilate her body in order to seek a man's approval, but finance it. Pretty sick, but along with the host smelling woman's vaginas to determine which one was the smelliest and letting the house "retard" feel up strippers, it was not a show that I found the least bit interesting. But as far as I'm concerned, the man has every right to Freedom of Speech.

After supporting George Bush and publicly defending his choice to colonize the Middle East for the past few years, Howard Stern returned to work after reading Al Franken's "Lies And The Lying Liars Who Tell Them" and had this to say: "If you read this book, you will never vote for George W.

Bush...I think this guy is a religious fanatic and a Jesus freak, and he is just hell bent on getting some bizzaro agenda through--like a country-club agenda so that his father will finally be proud of him...I don't know much about Kerry, but I think I'm one of those 'Anybody but Bush' guys now. I don't think G.W. is going to win. What do you think about that?"

In fear of getting pulled off the air entirely, Stern has had numerous things to say: "These fascist, right-wing assholes are getting so much freaking power, you gotta take back the country. (Those are) my last words to you. I don't know how many more days I have (left) on the air."

...enough to keep you awake at night...planning a Revolution...anyone with me?

Theresa can be contacted by emailing saylorl@hotmail.com.



JOSEPH REED'S SPRING tour of Ann Arbor

SPRING-2K4

eh, I walk around alot. All year round cuz I like the place I live. I enjoy the little paths + bridges and it's alot more fun than watching another fucking movie. Too many times I mention a bridge or path or park and find out no one knows what I'm talking about. I've taken people on walking tours, but below is a self guided tour. Take it, enjoy yourself, or don't and go watch T.V.

★ it's spring time now. Wine always tastes better in the spring, plus it keeps the chill down when it gets colder after the sun goes down. Of course you don't need to drink, mostly when I walk around I don't. But I hid two bottles of wine on the walk anyway. This walk works better at night. The later the better. The Neighborhoods seem slightly haunted when everyone's asleep. It's still nice when it's daylight out with all the tree lined streets. But it's better at night - Now starting at the Fleetwood again, head west on Liberty down the hill. Go a block and take the rail road tracks left. Williams is one of the first streets you cross. Right after that keep your eyes to the left. There's a pre-school there with a train car in the playground. It's got one of my favorite pieces of graffiti on it. For years I'd walk by clenching my fist wanting to catch who ever painted it. A fist holding a knife with the words "White Power" written around it. One day I stopped to look at it. "God damn Nazi mother fu... Hey wait a second." It wasn't a knife in the fist after all. It was a pen. And the words didn't say "white power" either. It said "Write Power" Pretty clever. And funny too, that it took me so long to notice.

- Keep on down the tracks. When you cross Main there's a gas station on the right, and a little farther the parking lot of a car wash where we used to bring some launch ramps to and skate all night. On your left is Fingerly Lumber. Super nice people work there, they have every thing Home Depot does and they're local. You can also get free wood there at night if you want, Just remember they are not a corporation. The next street is Hill. Your left are some U of M practice fields. During the summer the marching band plays there. But you already know that if you live within a half mile of there cuz they wake you up every morning. The tower the coaches use to make sure they get in the right formation is easy to get into even when it's locked. Good place to hang out in.

- Keep walking, the next street is Hoover. After you cross Hoover notice there are more than one set of tracks. The split off towards the right. Keep on the right most set of tracks. It heads into the "woods" but after a few yards the trees stop and your in a clearing on what looks like a bridge. It's not a bridge. The thing ~~you~~ you're standing on is called a "Roundhouse" It's a section of tracks big enough for

SPNIG TOUR 04'

an engine to fit on. It sits on an axle and can pivot 180°. They used to use this if they needed to turn an engine around so it could go the other way. You're standing on what used to be the Ann Arbor train yards. The local nick name for the Roundhouse is Hens House of Nic-Naks. You can crawl inside + it's decorated by some local Artist. But you should have a flashlight

• You have two options for where to go next. The first leads you in front of a police station. If you don't want to do that take option two. ① continue south on the tracks, (keep going the same direction you already were) After a bit, on your right will be a dirt road leading to a parking lot. Follow that. Little to your right you will see the U of M police station. They're assholes and might stop you + ask what you're doing. Just tell them you're walking downtown and no they can't see your ID. Or just show them an ID + tell em' to fuck off. Follow the corner of the police station, keeping it on your right. You should be on what looks like a road going through a parking lot. On your left, on the other side of the parking lot is the Football + basketball stadiums. It's kinda interesting to walk around them so do that if you want. Keep walking down the parking lot road. It curves around a few times. You pass the police station, then a utilities building where they keep the campus utility trucks and eventually you come out on a real street. corner. It's the corner of Keech and Greene. Keech goes up a hill, Greene goes toward town. Take Greene to the corner of Hill. Turn left, then right on Adams. ② From the roundhouse go back the way you came. Past Hover. The next street is Hill, go left on Hill when you hit Adams go right.

• Adams makes a turn toward the left follow that curve. Notice the houses. This street was an early experiment in factory made homes. Every house is exactly the same, except that it's so old people have added or taken away a few things. It's kinda creepy, but interesting just because it's so old. Adams ends at Main. Take a left then right at the first street, Koch. When Koch ends go left until Davis. Then go

right for a bit and another right on Edgewood. At the end of Edgewood is a park

• O.K. as soon as you enter the park, move to the left but keep walking the same direction. The park is edged by some woods and you should be walking next to them. Coming up is the King of all trees in Ann Arbor. This giant tree that's at least 100 years old.

It lost some branches this winter, so it used to be bigger, but it's still so huge. The first time I saw it I assumed it must have been the last tree from the old forest before Ann Arbor, but then I remembered something.

In a forest trees have to fight over sunlight. The ones who grow the tallest get the most light. So a tree who grows in a forest doesn't branch out until it's tall. If a tree grows in a field by it's self there's no competition so it branches out lower to the ground.

This tree's branches start low. You can tell it grew up with out any other trees around.

• Keep walking the same direction through the park. You come out on Madison Ave. Directly across the street from the park is 4th st. Take 4th. On the next corner will be a church on the right and Bach elementary school on the left. Keep walking on 4th but when you reach the end of Bach turn left on a path that goes behind the school. You'll see a play ground and a street. Directly across the street is a side walk that goes between two houses. Take that sidewalk.

• The side walk leads to one of my favorite parks. Put the middle of the block behind all the house it always feels like a secret. It's such an interesting way to use that space. All neighborhood blocks should have a communal park in their back yards. Once you walk in look to your left. There is a community garden planted there by B school. On your right is a good sledding hill and at the bottom soccer fields. The first day of the first punk week (02) we had a really intense, long game there. Head down the hill + then to your left toward some concrete stairs. Notice the basketball hoop with a grass court. Also notice the huge blank wall w/ no graffiti. Go up the stairs. You're now behind some condos. Find your way to

SPRING TOUR 04

the front of them and the street you're on is 7th.

□ Go right, then right again at the street light.

You're now on Liberty. Murray st. will be on your left, a little past Murray will be what looks like a drive way with a one way sign on it. Turn left onto that "Drive Way".

□ Where as the middle of the last block had a park behind the houses. The middle of this one has a huge parking lot. Completely different but I still like it. Notice another blank wall and a cool stair case that is chained off. Instead of fixing it they just put up a sign that warns cars of pedestrians. Walk into the parking lot curve right + you'll be on a street.

□ When the street ends go left for two blocks then left. You should be on a busy street. Get on the right side of the street. A little ways up you'll see a brown sign on your right that says West Side Tennis Courts. Follow that sign but go passed the Tennis Courts and down a huge flight of wooden stairs.

□ Go down the stairs into west park. As soon as you're down go left. There's some bleachers which is the sight of the 2003 "Totally-Totally Kickball" game.

Keep walking on the grass. There's a park entrance between two houses right in front of you. Walk out of the park onto the street + turn right. Then take a left on Bath. Take Bath till it dead ends. There is a blue house in front of you. On the left side of the blue house is Hannah park.

Take the Hannah Park path, you walk past the blue house and that's the end of Hannah Park.

Pretty street how a 20ft path can be a park in this town. It's one of the most absurd parks.

□ After Hannah "Park" take the street right, when it ends go right again and another right when you get to the next street. This one curves to the left and leads you to Miller.

Stay on the street you're on but cross Miller. Mack school will be on your right. Go into the parking lot. On your left is a basketball court that the cops never come to. You're facing the school, go around the back of the school. You get to another parking lot and then a street. Go left on the street.

□ Keep walking, you go up a hill and after a while the street ends. Go right. You Pass street on your left. At the next intersection go

left. A lot of rich people built dumb looking houses on this street. Keep going left when you can. You circle around and end up at an intersection where you have a nice view of the city. There is a park in front of you + to the left. Go into the park and cut diagonally toward the left to the street on the other side of the park.

□ You should be on Daniel st. Keep walking toward town till you hit Summit, then go left. Follow Summit till you get to the railroad tracks, go right. The tracks split, take the right fork. When you get to the street turn left then another left at the first drive way. You're in a parking lot at the end of the parking lot is this concrete monolith structure. Walk to it. This used to be just a swamp w/ concrete sticking out of it. Kids had pulled wooden palets out so you could sit in the swamp. When the Art Center bought it they put bricks in so everyone could sit there. Instead of just kids who like to sit in swamps. I liked it better before but it's still nice. In the spring on the right night the frogs come out of hibernation and mate in the pond there. The water is teeming w/ them + it's really loud.

□ Go back out the parking lot the way you came in. Almost right across the street is another street. Take that. You should be headed back toward town. Go right at the first street. It curves and there will be a parking lot on your right. Cut across that to the rail road tracks then go left. From the tracks you go about half a block, until you see on your right a dumpster full of car parts. Walk toward that dumpster then past it heading toward the nearest street. On your left are some cars that are dented and waiting to be fixed. Go ahead + jump on the smashed hoods or kick the dented doors. It's being replaced anyway.

□ Ann st. dead ends into the parking lot you're in, so walk out of the parking lot and up Ann st. Keep walking on Ann till you go under a parking structure. Right after you pass under it turn right. Keep walking. you walk into the Greyhound station through the bus drop off. Across the street from the bus station is an alley. Take that ally for the next few block and you're back where you started. Get some more coffee.

THE END

Homosexual acts are a threat to America

Recent studies support the obvious idea that we, as a country, stand upon an age of infinite wisdom and kindness. Not only can the common individual count on his fellow country-men to be open minded and share their philosophical mental experiences but money is now free. In fact money itself no longer has value and the magic replicators attached to your embedded homing chips ensures the right to absolute freedom. A freedom that most countries can not afford because they are weak, spineless jellyfishes, stingless, swallowed whole by the gaping maws of evil mersamurais.

Some are even more intelligent than the aforementioned. With the pride inspired by their fore fathers a hybrid group of loving and caring nurturers have developed the means necessary to do away with those residing on the lower end of the intelligent quotient bell curve. That takes mega smarts! So how do they plan to make our lives even better?

With the help of the media over the next several months evidence will come to light proving that the amoral ways of sexual deviants such as homosexuals and zookeepers are of dimwitted fiber. Your **families will once again find solstice** as this final plague of idiocy is finally removed by intelligent and reasonable human beings. But there is one thing standing in our way like a phallic totem pole splitting the sky wide open perpendicular to the horizon.

Rick Santorum, the Senate's third-ranked Republican stated "If the Supreme Court says that you have the right to consensual sex within your home, then you have the right to bigamy, you have the right to polygamy, you have the right to incest, you have the right to adultery. You have the right to anything." I do not think that he explored the true possibilities of this tragic attempt to sanctionize the deplorable acts of homosexual behavior. If two consenting adults are given the right to have sex in the privacy of their own home they would **also have the right to rape puppies** in front of public trashcans. Grown men would run around your home town with their penises stuck inside cats as they frequent your favorite boutiques. Woman would cut off their own breasts with rusty boyscout knives and glue them to burning bibles. Children would find a way to enact complex self-reproduction by way of mitosis just so they could perform homosexual acts on themselves. Celebrities would get cosmetic surgery and the plight of mankind would surpass that of an ethnic-free holocaust.



"I abhor fags. If one ever came near my family I would be forced to have sex with him in order to protect my family from his presence." -FagHater Anonymous

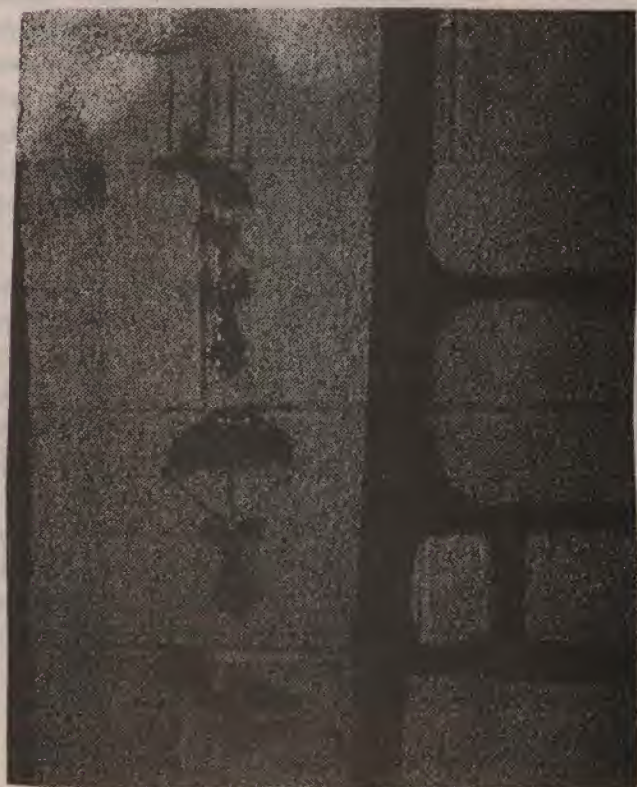
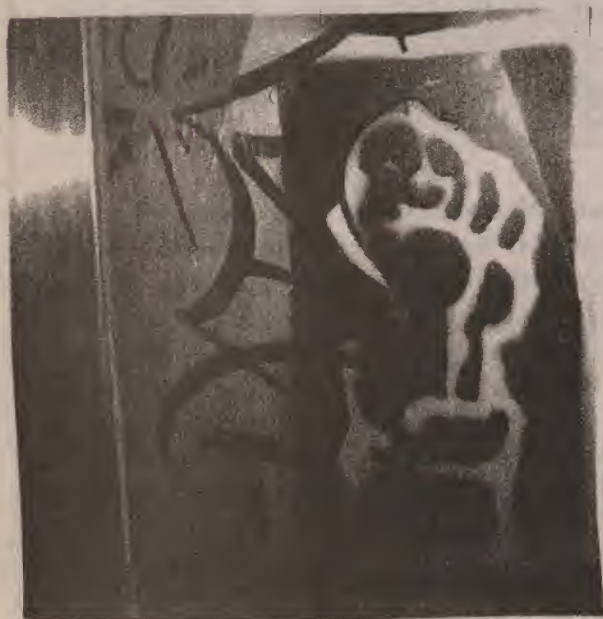
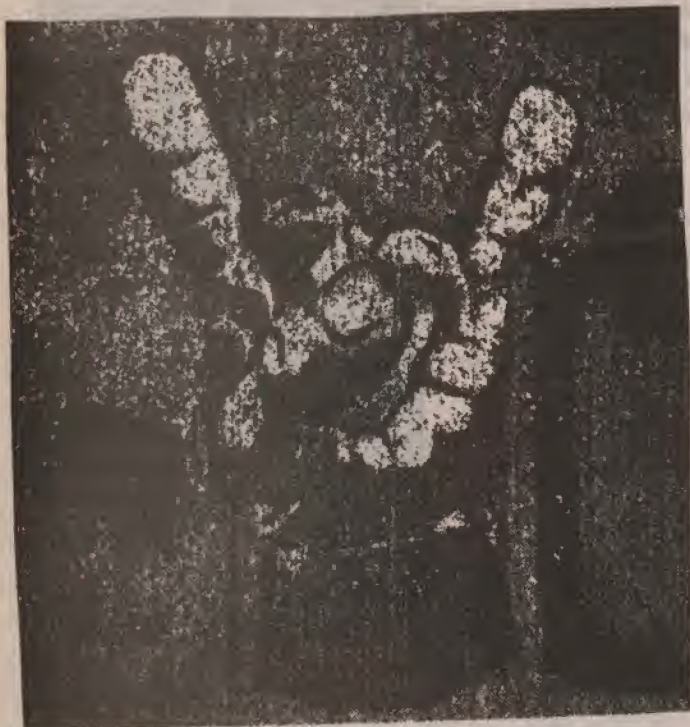
Legislation is prepared to overthrow all world governments who oppose the outlawing of homosexual activities in an effort to save Mother Earth from the wrath of several vengeful deities including Jehovah, Allah and Klordast (the God of pain, depression and rage). Latin American Supreme Queen Hernando Vasquez stated "Homo esta porfavor!" and rightfully so. As flamboyancy becomes increasingly rare even regal iconoclasts such as Pat Robertson will shuck out fortunes to wear it like golden rings. Bath houses shall be reformed to host after school activities for children complete with coloring books. Male prostitutes will be checked hourly for anal tissue damage excessive to prostate exams. Country pop songs shall be written with refrains like "I scrump my woman's butt but I ain't no fag." An international compromise of human rights will and shall protect all human life from greed, hunger, pestilence and famine. Finally. World peace.

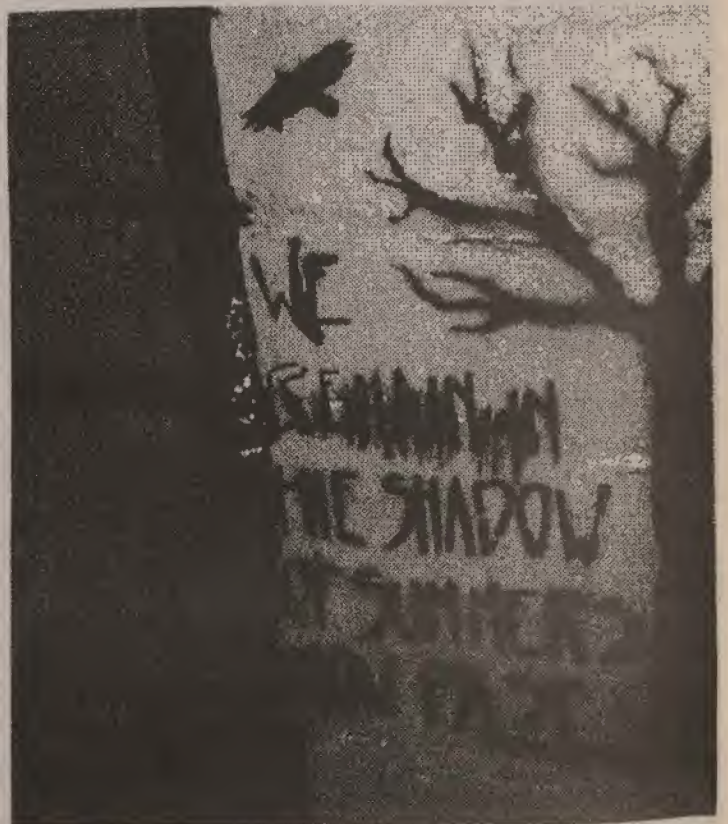


Part of hazing to get into my frat back in college over there in Texas there consisted of finding a yellow belly sissy queer slashing him within inches of his life and then raping him rather victoriously for hours with a bull stick. You know what bull sticks are? Well there's an old saying in Texas, or maybe it's Tennessee, maybe Texas. Fool me once the bull stick is a tail, fool me twice I'll shove it up your pee hole again. - The Prez

::Bookbinder::

**STENCILS FROM
AROUND TOWN.**





Bad Idea Records

(ok - So they're C.D.'s)

We record every show at The Bad Idea. Partly to preserve the history of the house, and partly to give people the opportunity to listen to the bands the way they were actually heard. It's not a fancy recording, just two microphones hung from the ceiling, pointed at the bands. You can hear the crowd, and sometimes can't hear the band. But it's a sample of what it was like to be there. We burn the C.D.'s ourselves and sell them for a little more than cost. The money goes into the magazine, or to help us buy equipment for more shows. Because the recording quality varies, we have a "star" system to let you know what to expect.

★ - Pretty bad. Vocals are low, drums too loud, etc.

★★ - A bit better. You can at least hear the instruments

★★★ - In the middle. You can hear everything, but the quality's not so good

★★★★ - Good? You can hear everything, but not quite perfect

★★★★★ - Might as well have been done professionally

#	BAND	Show #	RATING
1	Shi-Nei	102603	★★★★
2	Sexy	102603	Not Available at this time
3	Onion Flavored Rings	102603	★★★
4	Versificators	12504	★★★★
5	Bantha Fodder	13104	★★★
6	The State	13104	★★★★
7	New Crime Icon	2704	★★★
8	Bantha Fodder	2704	★★★★
9	Hairy Drain Babies	2704	★★★★
10	Shi-Nei	2704	★★★★

To order send \$4 PPD each to: Bad Idea Records
807 N. Main St. Ann Arbor MI 48104 - Send cash, check,
or money order payable to Christina Lee

A day in the life

of a Punk

By JB.

This is a story; it's even somewhat true, about my initiation into the world of punk. In the late seventies I was actually a hippie, or something like a hippie. I had shoulder length hair, a shitty attitude and a black leather jacket. I was not a peace-love hippie; I was a smash-the-state/weather-underground type hippie. Ever heard of John Sinclair? Anyway, I felt I was surrounded by lameness. I was always stoned. When Punk arrived I was ready!

There was a time when punk was considered extremely extreme. Before "Hardcore Punk" which was to be even more extreme. The term "Hardcore" is a reference to something that is even more intense than the ordinary. A "Hardcore" fisherman would perhaps be someone who went fishing every day. This person would be much more intense, or *hardcore*, than an ordinary slob who considers fishing to be an exercise and has an extra tackle box filled with beer.

You may be familiar with "Hardcore" pornography. Extremely familiar. One might say even *intimately* familiar. Hardcore porn is much more than the "Softcore" variety. And so it is with Punk Rock. The Hardcore being much more intense and enjoyable than the ordinary, garden variety, punk rock. I mean to say, why look at a photo of bare breasts when you can see a video of a truly talented lady in action? Alas, dear reader, the only reason would be because all you had to work with was the Christmas 1957 edition of Playboy and your sisters soiled panties.

Such is the way of things. In the immortal words of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, "Do what you can, with what you have, right where you are." Okay?

Without straying any further from the point, ask you to consider a time before "Hardcore" punk when all that was available was ordinary, garden variety punk. The Sex Pistols, the Clash, X-Ray Specs, Plastic Bertrand and the like were the order of the day. The time would be 1979 or so.

I must give pause for a moment to mention that the seventies did not really exist. The Sixties were so damn much fun that many people wanted to just keep them going. The seventies, therefore, were stunted from birth. A feeble attempt at a "Disco" phenomenon was made, but it was largely contained in expensive nightclubs. Around the late seventies, this hippie crap got really tired out. The flowers, love and peace concept was no longer applicable. By the late seventies, the general populace had lived their entire lives under the threat of nuclear devastation. The old war was like a bad sitcom, always there, never wanted.

Punk rock then could be said to be a reaction to the extended influences of the sixties. But enough of my amateur sociological analyses. This essay is being written to give you, fair reader, an idea of what it was like for me (your humble narrator) to experience punk prior to hardcore. I will attempt to convey this by subjecting you to a day of my life at the time. The experience is not meant to be entirely accurate, but to convey the feeling of the times. I will be using the names of real people and I ask if any such person reads this, please do not take offense. Regardless of how much offensiveness may have been in fashion at the time, none has been intended here.

Let me take you to Ann Arbor, Michigan in the winter of 1979. It was a particularly harsh winter. Michigan winters are never really that mild. I was awakened by my fucking alarm clock. I had placed it strategically just out of arms reach. It was deathly cold in the small room on the second floor of the house on Main Street. My roommate had decided not to pay MichiCon (Michigan Consolidated Gas) and they responded by shutting off our gas in the dead of winter. We still had electricity, though. A small cocoon of blankets held

A A day in the life of a Punk punk

back the brutality of Michigan winter. I switched on the hotplate next to my bed so that the room would warm up a little. I then pulled my jeans under the covers with me to warm them up. Fucking alarm clock. Damn it was cold.

Braving the cold air, a brutal swipe and the alarm clock was silenced for another day. Shit, what time is it? 7:45. Damn, my first class starts at eight. I put my pants on while still in bed, the hotplate had warmed the room a few degrees. Shirt. I needed a shirt. My country for a shirt! I pulled on a horizontally striped T-shirt that was just plain ugly. It looked like something Pugsley, on the old Addams Family sitcom, would wear. I did much of my clothes shopping in the drop bin of the Salvation Army. Occasionally I found some real gems of attire. I usually chose the least fashionable clothes I could find. I pulled on my boots.

Grab my leather and get moving. A good plan, only my head didn't seem to like the bit about moving very much. Okay, last night I was up until about two drinking vodka and grapefruit juice. That's not so very unusual, why was I being subjected to such a debilitating hangover? Damn. I was working evenings as a dishwasher at the Stage door, a restaurant in a hotel. I usually came home from work around midnight and the partying was so loud that I couldn't sleep so I would join them and drink and be stupid. It was great fun most of the time.

Steaming piss cascaded like a fountain into the stained bowl. I am amazed that the water never actually froze in there. I could hear giggles coming from Dave's room, female giggles. Dave had a space heater, so all the women hung out in Dave's room. I just had a hot plate.

I went downstairs and there was Bruce, affectionately known as Brucifer. Brucifer had moved into a chair in the living room after a party a few weeks ago. The party had never really actually stopped. After the raging party, several punks passed out and when they woke up, around noon the next day, they started drinking again. Other people would drop by and join them and the drinking continued throughout the night. Some of the first punk left to be replaced by others, who passed out, woke up around noon the next day, and started drinking.

Brucifer had a hair blow dryer he that he would keep on under the blanket in his chair. Punk ingenuity at it's finest. Still, in all, Brucifer was a

pleasant and good humored fellow. Too bad he was fond of smoking cigars. I bid a good morning to Brucifer, who was soundly passed out with a cigar butt still in his hand, and left.

I pulled my leather jacket tight around my neck as I hurried to school. The snow crunched under my boots as I made my way the few blocks it took to get me to school. I usually had just enough time to smoke a cigarette on the way. At forty-five cents a pack, smoking was one of the luxuries I could afford.

The warmth of the school was always a welcome thing. It can be a little painful at first, but it almost makes it worthwhile being in school. I was ten minutes late for my Biology class. I made my way to my usual seat in the back without much commotion. Everybody was used to me showing up ten or fifteen minutes late. I took out my math homework and started to do it. Eventually, the class ended. Mitochondria? That might be a cool name for a band. No. Dangling Ganglion? Possibly...

In those days, at Community High School, you could smoke in the hallways. Each school was allowed a smoking lounge and CHS designated it's hallways as the smoking lounge. Classes started on the hour with a ten-minute break in between each class. The students would hang around, smoke, pitch pennies or play cards. It was a very relaxing atmosphere.

Earthworks was a small school that merged with Commie High at the beginning of the year. Earthworks had about thirty students. The students were all kind of weird and stayed together. Peter Groebner was an Earthworks student who lived with me on Main Street. He was very worldly; he had lived for a time in New York and had wonderful stories to tell. He was really a PUNK. I mean, he was a punk by design. I was kind of a punk by accident. I think Pete Groebner had more to do with bringing punk to Ann Arbor than anyone else I know. Peter turned me on to the Sex Pistols, Generation X, the Clash and a host of other wonderful bands. It was great for me because all of the sudden it became very cool to be a fucking loser. Being a loser was something I was really good at. If "being a loser" had been an event in the 1980 Olympics, I would have won the gold medal. Instead of the Star Spangled Banner, they would have had to play "I Wanna Be Me". I loved Punk, it just fit me perfectly.

Just so you know where I'm coming from,

A Day in the life of a Punk Punk

my home life growing up was pretty violent. I got beat up a lot and I beat up my little brother, who is actually a very cool person. Sorry that I did that to you, Mike. I was an asshole. Also, there was this credible threat of nuclear death hanging over my head. The cold war was having some of it's best years. So I was not overly concerned with my future. I was also very angry at society and God for not keeping me from the violence of my early days. I rejected and rebelled against God, society and pretty much anything I could find. I moved out of my parents house at age 15, then moved back at age 16 and out for good at age 17. I was, and am, a survivor.

Yeah, punk fit me perfectly. I drank it in. I loved it. I was very comfortable with the violence. It was just like home to me. The really good news was that I was not alone. There were large numbers of teenagers who were completely disaffected, disgruntled, disenchanting, disenfranchised, disrespectful, disgusted and just plain pissed off. So we could get together and have parties. That, dear reader, is what this story is all about.

I was smoking a joint in the fire escape (which I considered my private office at Commie High School) with a few friends when I was asked about a party that was scheduled at my house for later that evening. I had no idea that there was going to be a party, but it was highly likely, as there was a party there pretty much every night. I was informed that this would be no ordinary party, but that there would be bands there. Two punk bands, to be exact. One of them was Pete's band. I didn't even know Pete had a band. Cool.

Throughout the day, I received more inquiries about the party. I actually just started to invite people. I guess I could do that. I lived there. By the end of the day, I was the talk of the school.

After school I would usually ask someone if they wanted to get high. I would go to their house, if possible. I would then proceed to get quite stoned and ask if I could take a shower and raid the refrigerator. I managed to do this three or four times a week, so I kept fairly clean and well fed. I could also eat at work, which was nice. My single fringe benefit.

I remember showing up at the house and seeing Pete hanging some plastic sheets from the ceiling to the floor and writing "Factory Sealed For Your Protection" in large marker on them. The bands were to play behind the plastic so people couldn't throw things at them or something. Anyway, it looked

really cool. I found out that the party was called because we had just been evicted. Our security deposit had long been considered lost. Thus, there was a complete absence of any reason NOT to have a party and it WAS Friday, so the cry went out throughout the land, "Party at Main Street".

My little room. My dinky, small, minute, infinitesimal room was not very large, I went there and did some bong hits. There was room for a small mattress, a chair with my hot plate, and a dresser. Perched on top of my dresser was the evil alarm clock, the radio of which was my sole source of music. Dave had a stereo. That's why all the girls hug out in his room. His room was also larger and he had a queen sized bed. Luckily he usually played his stereo loud enough that I really didn't need one in my room.

I had a shitty little acoustic guitar that I would write songs on when I was stoned. I learned to play by watching other people play and asking them what kind of chord they were playing, then I would try it. I never had an actual "Guitar Lesson" in my life, although I later taught a few. I took part of a Diminished 7th chord and combined it with an Augmented 9th chord and developed the Demented 16th chord. Few people ever appreciated my musical genius. I had a lot of fun, though. I was able to give vent to my angst.

The guest started to arrive early, they were unannounced and virtually none of them had given the slightest RSVP. The masses of people who attended that evening were all there to crash the party. Can you imagine the rudeness. A bunch of heathens. The good news is that most of them brought booze. The amount of alcohol consumed that evening was staggering. And that was before 8pm.

I remember the bands starting around nine or so. The place was packed. People were pogo dancing. For the uninitiated, pogo dancing is just kind of jumping up and down. The Hardcore Punk scene has given up any form of dancing in favor of the pit and stage diving. Back in 1979, we did the pogo. Eventually we skanked, however at this party, the pogo was what was happening.

The bands were great. I could not hear a single word or lyric of any kind, although there was some sort of vocal noise that was part of the solid wall of sound. The plastic did not last long, the bands and the crowd became one and no one was protected by factory sealing. Most people were sweating in

A day in the life of a Punk

spite of the fact that it was probably close to 30 degrees below zero and there was no heat.

I went upstairs to take a piss as I was extremely full of beer and needed to release a bit of it. The bathroom was locked and six or eight people were fucking in there. I doubted they would be done soon. I went out the back door to take a piss. There, passed out in the garbage, was the drummer of the band. So who was playing drums? I doubt I will ever know. Anyway, as he was face down, I figured he would not be choking on his own puke, so I left him there. I relieved myself in front of God, my country and anybody that cared to watch. I squeezed my way back in the house. I went downstairs and was let into Pete's room where certain individuals were shooting up. It was a very private occasion when people shot up. The fact that I was let in, showed that I had certain social standing in the community. They also knew that weed was my drug of choice. I was a complete burn out. I wasn't going to ask for any of their smack.

The basement scene was just a little too mellow for me and I went back upstairs where the band was just finishing up. Some lively youngsters were up on the roof hurling curses at the citizens of Ann Arbor, who were probably out buying Christmas presents for their children. I helped pack up the band equipment as much as I could considering the various chemicals warring for control of my brain. We then got down to some more serious drinking.

Eventually, I went to my room and a high level meeting with the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Actually, they were more like Bonghit Chiefs of Staff rather than Joint Chiefs of Staff. Anyway, it was a high level meeting. Things of great proportion were discussed, laughed about and forgotten. Although, not necessarily in that order.

The bathroom finally was open. There was blood in the sink. I have no idea why and I doubt I will ever know. Casualties were mounting. Several punks were probably drunk to the point of being legally dead. Those who lacked methamphetamines were passed out. The hat was passed for more alcohol. I have always thought it was funny that, as parties such as this progress, people who first profess to be completely broke, somehow find money after they're drunk. A run was made and the party continued.

At some point I passed out. I have developed a skill whereby I pass out before I puke. I was one of

the few who did not hurl chunks at that little gathering. I would estimate there to have been eighty to one hundred people at that party. It was a three-bedroom house with only a single bathroom. It boasted a living room, a dining room, a kitchen and a basement. It was carpeted for a day with wall-to-wall punks.

I awoke the next morning, freezing cold and fully clothed in my bed. I got out of bed because my bladder, if it had a gauge, would have read 30% past full. I stumbled into the bathroom and pissed into the bathtub. I was in no way capable of the accuracy needed to hit a target as small as a toilet. The sight of my piss mixing with the puke in the bathtub was horrible. The sight was not as bad as the smell of it. I decided I would probably just skip breakfast.

I went downstairs and was amazed to find the place in pretty much the same condition as it always was. It was a hell of a party and I don't think a single window was broken or any doors had gotten ripped off the hinges. Broken glass and garbage littered the floor as well as the occasional punk. Brucifer was awake and in a surprisingly good mood. I was very grumpy and growled at him and decided to make myself a cup of tea. I sat huddled in a corner, clutching my warm cup of tea, thinking of excuses to get out of working that evening. I had already used my most creative ones. Unfortunately my mind wasn't being very productive. Soon, half a dozen punks regained consciousness and were looking to see if any alcohol was left. Surprisingly, there were still a few beers and some vodka. I stuck with my tea. It was roughly eleven in the morning.

Shortly after noon, the alcohol had run out and most of the people from the night before were awake. A collection was taken up and a run was made. Eight crusty punks were facing a Saturday afternoon burdened by hangovers. Pete found a way to plug a stereo into a guitar amp and the Sex Pistols joined us in our misery. As we were there, still listening to the stereo, not moving much, there came a loud knock at the door. Pete answered, his spiked hair looking dangerous. It was the cops. We received a stern warning not to play the stereo too loud.

J.B. has been around for awhile. In the '80s he put out the semi-famous comp "Shut Up and Take the 5th". We received this story via a mutual friend. Send comments to Bad Ideas. We hope to print more of J.B.'s stories in the issues to come. -JR

Open letter to the Tree Town Community in response to The Ann Arbor Observer's
Del Rio article

"We thought people would cross the picket lines ... but there was too much venom ... It seemed to snowball ... and it seemed to be focussed on me."

~ Karen Piehutkoski

The Del Rio was a community bar, worked and patronized by the community. The venom which Karen found focussed upon her was merely a reflection of the venom which she brought into the bar with her. It was not there before she showed up on the scene with her pretentious and disrespectful ways of treating community. Hers is a beautiful example of reaping three fold what one has sown ...

the seeds of her disrespect bloomed into the flower of our boycott
and what a beautiful flower it was!

a flower which bloomed in the dead of winter

a flower which thrived amidst cold concrete and snow

outside the doors of the "new" Del Rio

a flower which breathed sang songs jumped danced and chanted

a flower which continues to grow in the hearts of its many petals

a flower anxiously awaiting the Spring

The "new" Del Rio: I am the boss

You have no right to question me

If you don't like it you can leave!

~ K. Piehutkoski, owner of Kilwin's

"we couldn't transmit the culture. It was a case of the inmates taking over the asylum." ~ Ernie Harburg, son of the man who penned most of the songs from Wizard of Oz and economics guru who taught at the U of M

First of all, you didn't try to transmit the culture. You tried to kill it. For that, your privilege to do business in Tree Town has been revoked. [wizard returns to New York City for a long winters nap. exit stage left] Second, inmates

taking over the asylum and workers struggling to regain control of their work space are two separate cases. Most inmates are not in asylums by their own free will; whereas, a few Delroids had chosen their work while a certain degree of free will was in effect. The first is a case of humans deprived of their free will and seeking justice. The second is a case of humans (and a monkey or two) receiving injustice and struggling for a return to a balance of power, which would be justice. The only likeness between the two cases is the struggle for justice and self-determination in the asylum/workspace, whichever which is which will be.

Sincerely, Elfaba The Wicked Witch
ps. third, your statement is a non sequitur of the West

"It was a no-win situation." ~ K. Piehutkiowski, everloving God fearing wife of Rick Burgess (pianist extraordinaire + property owner of the Del and Earl building), and self-described "avenging angel" (would make a great name for a real life based T.V. program on par with NYPD Blue)

Situations have infinite possibilities. The "no win" was imposed by force by the minority that call themselves "owners". The "no win" came about because the "owners" chose to end "dialogue" with the "community." The "owners" chose to use "police state tactics" to impose their minority "will." These tactics included "lies," "intimidation," and "brute force" in the form of "firings." Due to the dithplicable use of these tactics, the Tree Town community was obliged to destroy the traitorous New Del Rio Order.

Love and Big Hugs,
RU Serious?

THE MARCH FOR WOMENS LIVES

by Theresa Kiefer

What you can do.

One person can overturn Roe Vs Wade. One. All that it takes is ONE more Republican Supreme Court Judge and our right to choose will be taken away, and that is exactly what George Jr. has in mind. That's why it is imperative for all of us to take action immediately.

To demonstrate overwhelming majority support for a woman's right to choose safe, legal abortion and birth control, the largest pro-choice majority in history will march on Washington on Sunday April 25, 2004.

For the first time ever this pro-choice march is a collaborative effort seven leading national women's rights groups have come together to organize this momentous event. The American Civil Liberties Union, Black Women's Health Imperative, Feminist Majority, NARAL Pro-Choice America, National Latina Institute for Reproductive Health, National Organization for Women and Planned Parenthood Federation of America are the principal organizers of the March for Women's Lives and have pooled efforts and resources to lay the groundwork. Other progressive organizations have signed on as co-sponsors - offering everything from member participation to help spreading the word and help defraying costs.

The largest pro-choice majority in history will march on Washington on Sunday April 25, 2004.

Get involved. Contact Planned Parenthood and sign up to go to D.C. and FIGHT for this right to choose. If you cannot make time for the Protest then drive over to Professional Dr. here in Ann Arbor and make a donation to Planned Parenthood. The Right to Life movement is growing stronger by the day and pressuring the Federal Government to take funding away from organizations that protect Pro Choice. Boycott Domino's Pizza while you're at it-- Tom Monahan funds Pro Life Organizations and single handedly organizes protests against Planned Parenthood. He's also an open homophobe.

firteen.com

- HISTORY -

FROM ENGLAND

CHRON-GEN

N.A.
NEGATIVE APPROACH

THE
ALLIED



CLUTCH CARGO'S
64 W. ELIZABETH, DETROIT

1982

- HISTORY -

Feeling that it's all been done before
San Francisco Science...

Wall of Voodoo
tribute nite!

JAWBREAKERS

all ages
tuesday
night
fever!

Ann Arbor Rockin' Rocks

IDEALS,
not
ATTITUDE!

Put for People, not for Profit, Cheese

Barry Hensler on
"the scene."
"...When I was your age,
there were a buncha
boneheads, maaan. Then,
there was a few kids
like you, tryin' a
make A SCENE.
That was me,
maaan, like
you guys are
doin' now..."
(several months
later, Barry
raised HART
PLAZA)

The SEX'posse
is
not
invited.

MUSH ELSEWHERE!

Seven hundred miles to play to fifteen angry men.
the songs. We hate them too. Someone yells "you suck." I need some sleep. They hate
this show is free. Twenty minutes in I broke another fuckin' string. Just call it luck.
they start to leave. I start to play. Suddenly, that joe kicks hard in my veins. I
cool down. things sound good right now. Suddenly, fists turn into brave ears
and we move as one. Funny, how no one knows we came. They wouldn't come
anyway. Should I feel grateful I left play? home. living life my way. I fell in love with a
enemy. I let go of everything. I left at home. Two cool people came. they're hiding by the
door. Eyes wide with fright. A guy, a girl, in love with the whole world. It almost makes it
right.

D.I. motherfuckin' X. in action, @ 7:00 P.M.

942 WoodLAWN

Ann Arbor, Michigan (313) 747-8414

sister ann
the effalump
productions

AUG. 125

Late 80's?

- HISTORY -

Rock and Drool with....

SCHEME



Grey Ghost
Grape Crate
Pea Picker,
Cotton Picker
Orange Crate
Lemon Peeler
Apple Crate

409 E. Madison ^{BASEMENT}
Friday 10:30 PM
(off Packard by Blimpy
Burger)

FASTBACK

Mid-early 90's

We wanna review your shit,

books, zines, movies, records, etc..

As of now there is nothing that we won't review, we prefer small press and Indy stuff, but we'll review what ever you send us all styles and mediums welcome. Because we publish quarterly it may take a while to get your stuff reviewed. Below are the four due dates for review material.

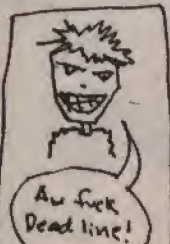
March 1st (April issue) May 1st (July issue) August 1st (October issue) November 1st (January issue) Please send a contact address with a postage paid price for what you want us to review also let us know the method of payment i.e. check to (your name or company) well concealed cash, trade or other means of payment.

Please send reviews to:
Bad Ideas
807 North Main St.
Ann Arbor, Mi
48104

records,

Reviewers:

C.C. = Crash
S.N. = Spencer
R.R.R. = Randle



reason this
looks not so
good...

Blue Onion-"This is Fucking Awful" (CD)

They're a punk band with a style like no other! This album from the best band ever named for a Kool-Aid-like beverage used to induce vomiting is proof that there is still some truth in advertising. Even for live recordings the sound quality of the first fourteen tracks is such as to render them nearly unlistenable. However, once you make it to the second half and can actually hear the songs, they're not bad. Sure, you might have heard a few of the riffs before, and it's pretty basic punk rock, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. That was supposed to be the point right? The lyrics are clever, funny, and not too serious. ("let's all go to Jenny Craig, it'll be so much fun!") All in all, a worthwhile piece of mid 90's Commie High School history. S.N. \$5.00ppd

No!No! records, 807 N Main, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Hairy Drain Babies-"Live at the Bad Idea 2704" (CD)

I was at this show, so I was pretty excited to get this CD to review. This is part of a series of live recordings from bands that have played at the Bad Idea (Ann Arbor, MI). While every song on this is a cover, it's still full of energy like they had written these songs themselves. It seems a little odd to try to describe their sound when talking about all covers, but normally it would be a mix of early 80's hardcore (Black Flag, The Fartz, Dead Kennedys) with a little rockabilly twist at times. The recording quality is a little rough, but not once did it ruin my enjoyment of listening to it. Since the CD lacks a song listing, here we go:

Banned from DC (Bad Brains), Johnny 2 Bad (The Slickers), Black Coffee (Black Flag), Career Opportunities (The Clash), Boredom (The Buzzcocks), Bullet (The Misfits), I Love Livin' In The City (Fear), Farmer Jack (traditional), Tommy Gun (The Clash), 6-Pack (Black Flag), Lights Out (Angry Samoans), Fresh Prince (DJ Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince), Torgo (Manos, the Hands of Fate) and Nothing (Negative Approach) w/ Katie, from the Rusty Bra Hooks, singing.

This is definitely worth picking up and hopefully HDB will put out some new records soon. And remember, don't judge a book (or CD) by its cover. N.H. \$4.00 ppd (well concealed cash or check made out to Christina Lee)

Bad Idea Records 807 N. Main Ann Arbor MI 48104

Onion Flavored Rings-"Live at the Bad Idea" (CD)

Let me just start by saying that when I received this, the third in the Bad Idea concert hall's series of recorded shows, I knew nothing about the Onion Flavored Rings. Now all I know is what they sound like. At least some background info included with the CD would have been nice, (like where the fuck are they from?) and the complete lack of track listing is inexcusable. The songs are poppy but not in an annoying way, with catchy and innovative melodies that occasionally bring to mind post-Devoto Buzzcocks. The performance is lively and probably would have been fun to see. The lyrics are virtually indecipherable, due to the recording quality, which really isn't too bad considering it was done with two vocal mikes hanging from the ceiling. I suppose the idea was to recreate the "complete live experience", and while some of the stage banter and audience participation is amusing, the between song breaks are way too long (which is the band's equipment's fault), and in my opinion could have been edited (which is somebody else's fault). Overall, I liked this band and wouldn't mind seeing one of their shows, but I have a few criticisms for the format of this series, which I hope to see addressed in the future, because it has incredible potential. S.N. \$4.00ppd

Bad Idea records, 807 N. Main, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

State - "Live at the Bad Idea" CD

The State is a classic local band. They've been rockin for years and put on a great punk rock show. All their songs are fast and hard and great to dance to. The sound quality of the CD is not very good and some of the breaks in between songs are long, but all the songs are high energy. Since this album is the States entire performance unedited, albums like these can be useful reference tools for bands to determine how long to play, order of songs, trying not to have long breaks, etc.

-RRR

\$4 ppd. well concealed cash or checks to Cristina Lee
Bad Idea records 807 North Main Ann Arbor MI 48104

reviews

records,

Versificators "Amanda Calls Us The Versifucks, or..." (CD)

An ann arbor punk rock supergroup!! Hilarious and fun. Even acoustic it's pretty aggro- reminds me of the misfits. Although that might just be spence's voice. "Nunfucker" and "Hot Monkey Action" are rockers that made me laugh and there is a version of "California Uber Alles" about California's new governor. Extra punk points for stand-up bass. Go see them- I think it's the only way to get this record. C.C. Metabolic Spork? Self Educate L.W.A.A.A.T. A2

split! Oedipus And The Motherfuckers/ Axis Of Evil (7")

This split will go down in history as the "split-up E.P." Both these bands have broken hearts, broken up and broken down in your american town. Done for now and on to better things, you can hear their confusion in the recordings (definitively lo-fi and split (see what I mean) between 4 record labels.) You can feel the tension.

A snapshot of that summer "in the scene". "God, You're So Annoying" (a.o.e.) and "Basement Song" (o.&t.m.f.) are classic. I miss these bands. C.C. \$3.00 ppd

Lo Down Records P.O. Box 4502 a2 MI 48106

Up Records 1826 Vimankay a2 48103

No!No Records 807 N. Main a2 48014

V/A - "0 to 60 in 73 Bands" CD

Amazing! 73 bands from the US, Israel, Brazil, Lithuania, U.K, Italy, France, Scotland, Austria, Canada, Mexico, Spain, Latvia and more play songs less than one minuet long. This compilation also spans many genres including punk, techno, hardcore, surf, and many very silly songs. This eclectic mix makes almost every song stand out and demand your attention. On many short song compilations, the songs start blending together, but the energy and diversity of bands on this comp will capture your interest and keep you listening. Many of the bands have silly names (i.e. track #10 by "Anal Beard"), and are responsible for some of the best tracks on the record. Track #28 by Archie Crisis, "Caffiend", is a hilarious ode to caffeine addiction. Track #44 has May Day singing about punk rock dating and track #52 is Cornish in a turtleneck singing about the "Booty Flava". Added on to the 73 bands, are 4 tracks by the compiler. Track #77, "The Sounds of Children Screaming", is the compiler's kindergarten class. He asked them to sing songs as loud as they could into a tape recorder, the result is brilliant.

Even though this album took more than a year to compile, it is a good example of how much independent music publishers can accomplish. Many of these bands are from the Ann Arbor area, so if you enjoy local or independent music, this album is well worth the buy.

-RRR

\$6 ppd. well concealed cash or checks to Josh Sanchez
No!No records 807 North Main Ann Arbor MI 48104

zines,

Half-Asleep #2: Broken By Kevin M. Sanchez

I like zines like this. First, a confession. Kevin is a friend of mine. Also, I'm friends with everyone in his band; Oedipus and the Motherfuckers. This zine is mostly the story of their star-crossed tour with long Islands the Lazer. 3 Vehicles, 2 tow trucks and many, many miles later the story ends without any great revelation... just a few better than average. A tale of everyman on tour, full of some of the wackiest kids I know.

Written in a more journalistic than literary style, the play by play of it is quick-paced and thorough; there's a lot of prose from all the ridiculous hoops the kids had to jump through. At times I felt (with more than a little sympathy) "will this ever end?" The factual tone makes a great juxtaposition to tender honest moments that bloom from time to time.

A punk in a punk band goes on a tour against the gods. All the trappings of an MTV epic. But what you get is an awesome guys real shitty life; trying to play music, meet people, see the world, do things right. It doesn't end with a bang, it doesn't end with a whimper. It doesn't end at all.

A good man had a bad time. This is a chapter; the book goes on. C.C.
Kevin M. Sanchez 1826 Vimankay, a2, MI 48103

"There are no bears in New Mexico"- written and illustrated by Josh Redd Sanchez

You've just got to love a children's book about train hopping. This short story recounts an amusing if not terribly substantive anecdote about getting lost and looking for bears in (surprise!) New Mexico. The easy, conversational storytelling flows nicely, with cartoony but detailed illustrations. It's the perfect gift for your favorite punk rock kindergartner. S.N. \$2.00ppd

Ten-eleven press, 807 N. Main, Ann Arbor, MI 48104

Punk week III

planning meeting

saturday may 1st

2:00PM RENDZ-VOUS CAFE

1110 South University

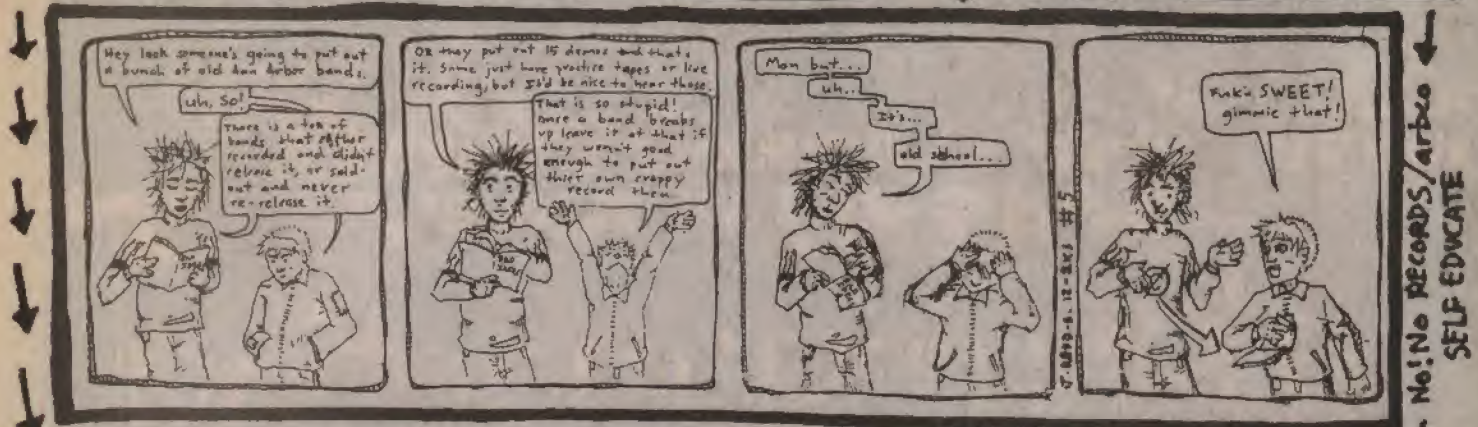
(Between East University and Church st.)

- MEET UPSTAIRS -

For the past two years the same group of friends have (un)organized Punk Week. We are tired of messing everything up by ourselves. If you have any insane ideas, for things you'd like to see done please come help, instead of telling us how we should do your idea after the week is planned.

PUNK WEEK HAS BEEN HAPPENING FOR TWO YEARS. BASICALLY IT'S AN ENTIRE WEEK DEDICATED TO DOING ALL THE THINGS WE TALK ABOUT BUT NEVER DO. (i.e. DRIVING AROUND TOWN WITH BANDS PLAYING IN THE BACK OF A TRUCK DURING THE DAY) PEOPLE COME FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AND EVERYONE GETS ABOUT 12 HOURS OF SLEEP FOR THE WHOLE WEEK.

SHOULDA BEEN THERE



NO NO RECORDS/ARTS
SELF EDUCATE

THE "SHOULDA BEEN THERE" WILL BE A COLLECTION OF UNRELEASED, OUT-OF-PRINT, LIVE AND/OR DEMO RECORDINGS FROM AREA BANDS. WE NEED PEOPLE TO HELP IN PUTTING THIS PROJECT TOGETHER. IF YOU HAVE ANY AUDIO OR VIDEO RECORDINGS OF THE BANDS LISTED BELOW, CONTACT US AT: (434) 327-3703 or (517) 712-4020 or minivansarepunk@yahoo.com

AAB	Brewts	El Cheapo	Lovesick	Rael Rean	Typhoid Mary
Action Tiger	Brutal Youth	Etch-A-Sketch	Madax	Restroom Poets	Undermind
Alienation	Burning Sensations	Fags	Mazinga	Roko	Violent Ramp
Angry Red Planet	Butler	Fighting 69 th	Mhz	Ron of Japan	Virus B23
Antigens	Cabal	Fistfuck USA	Mini-Systems	Rusty Bra Hooks	Vomica
Antz	Cacti	Flashpapr	Mr. Velocity Hopkins	SalivationArmyMarchingdBand	
Arachibutrophobia Orchestra	Caffeinated Assault	4%	Moltov	Scheme	
Aural Sect	Cathode	Galen	Mortified	Scot's Pyrates	Wailing Wall
Awestruck	Chaos Theory	Gerbils	Monster Bait	Short dead Dudes	Whiptail
Axis of Evil	Chore	G.O.C.	Monster Youth	Skin Flower	WIG
Azreal	Civil Confusion	God Bullies	Morsel	Snakeout	Wolfgang
Barbed Wire Playpen	Cloud Nine	Gondolier	Mt. Tai	Sonic's Rendezvous Band	
Bats	Cobra Youth	Ground Zero	Nadsat Nation	Squids	Yellow No.5
Battalion	Cock Fight	Head Factory	Nautical Almanac	State	Zug Island Quartet
Bevy of Anal Cocksman	Confuse A Cat	Hoi Polloi	Necros	Stroker Ace	
Big Brown House	Coke N' Donuts	Holv Cows	Negative Approach		
Big Chief	Cold As Life	Inbittered	No Compromise		
Big Fun	Cornish In A Turtleneck	JAKS	Non-Fiction		
Bitchin' Summer	Cosmicity	Kick Like Crazy	Oedipus & the Motherfuckers		
Bitter Pills	Couch	King Canute	Ohio		
Black Tie Affair	Crew Pies	King Vitamin	Otto's		
Bloodpact	CRS	Kung-Fu Flipper Babies	Papsmear		
Bloody Mary	Cult Heroes	Lab Lobotomy	Perplexa		
Blue Onion	Culture Shock	La'Existance	Pist N'Broke		
Bob the Singing Bass Player	Debauchery	Larynx Zillions Novelty Shop	Plumbobs		
Boneless Toast	Decay of the Angel	L.A. Shroeder	Popes		
Bonk!	Delien	Laughing Hyenas	Pterodactyls		
Borax	Destroy All Monsters	Liberation Beat Threat	Pug Uglies		
Breathing Seienas	Dog Soldiers				
Baby Cats					
Love Letter					

→ ALSO LOOKING FOR FLYERS, PHOTOS, ARTWORK, ETC. ♥

P.S. - this list is far from complete. Please let us know of any other bands we should be looking for.